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THE

WIDOW'S OFFERING.

BY MRS. KAY.

FIFTH EDITION.

How sweet to range through Flora's garden fair,
And cull, for those we love, a nosegay there!
Yet sweeter far the Muses' haunts to find,
And seize an "OFFERING" to enrich the mind.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

MDCCCXLI.

1841

WILLIAM HEPWORTH, PRINTER, WAKEFIELD.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL FITZWILLIAM.

My Lord,

I feel very sensibly and deeply affected, I assure your Lordship, by your exceeding kindness and condescension in the permission to dedicate this Fifth Edition of a small and unpretending Volume to yourself. Ennobled far more by the graces and virtues that adorn your character, than by your illustrious birth and elevated station, I feel a pleasurable confidence that the work which is now presented to your notice contains not a sentiment which your Lordship's cultivated taste and pious feeling will not readily and cordially approve.

All that the Compiler claims upon the score of merit, is the exercise of indefatigable care and diligence in the choice of the most rare and valuable offerings which the Muse has consecrated to piety, friendship, knowledge, and love.

The call which is now made for this Fifth Edition, and the distinguished favour of your Lordship's approving notice, encourages the hope that the humble effort to serve the cause of benevolence and religion has not been unattended with success.

With my most grateful acknowledgments for your Lordship's favour, and with high admiration of your distinguished character,

I remain,
My Lord,
Your Lordship's most obliged
And most humble Servant,
MARY KAY.

705344

AN

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

BY A FRIEND TO THE WIDOW.

" He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless."

That the state of widowhood is one of sorrow, and frequently of dependance and privation, especially when associated with fatherless children, is so generally known by the public, and too frequently felt by the mourners, to need dispute. The God of the families of the earth has taken such under his peculiar protection.

" *A father of the fatherless, and a husband of the widow, is God in his holy habitation.*" " *Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.*" *He has recommended them with no less care to the attentive and benevolent consideration of his people. The stranger, the fatherless, and the widow, were made the subjects of an especial provision under the Jewish dispensation: and widows are particularly mentioned under the New Testament as persons to be honoured, comforted, and relieved.*

That the widowed authoress of the present Volume has considered to take her harp down from the willows at such a time as this, and thus attempt to sing away the sorrows that she feels, by turning her thoughts into so poetical a channel, is, we apprehend, as laudable as new. Nor will it be at all taken by her as "the singing of songs to a heavy heart," in uniting our strains with her own in the purchase of the Volume.

With persons benevolently disposed and politely educated, it is a matter of frequent concern, how they may, with the greatest ease and delicacy, accomplish the greatest measure of good. To such persons, whose kind attention we are anxious to arrest, the purchase of the "Widow's Offering" affords an opportunity for the pleasing attainment of the above object, and to the improvement of their own hearts and minds. Nor can we forbear, while engaged in this pious advocacy, reminding those females who are now in the enjoyment of matrimonial felicity, how uncertain is human life and happiness; and how soon, alas! the strongest earthly bonds are broken, and the tenderest ties dissolved by death—how soon those may be widows, who are now so highly favoured; and how much the benevolent sympathy of the public may, by some, be needed. We have felt so much, personally, upon that subject, as to be prepared to feel for others, and to recommend to the notice of all, susceptible of feeling, the present Volume, which we do not hesitate to say will well repay the purchase and perusal.

Ossett. J. T.

CONTENTS.

Address to the Moon, an 49
Affliction 64

Bended Bow, the 122
Bereavement, the 26
Bible, the. Written in the Year 1746 63
Britain. A Missionary Ode 44
Bride's Farewell, the 40

Campbell, on the Ruins of his Ancestral Domain ... 93
Christian Mother, on the Death of her darling Child, a 3
Church Fellowship 72
Climbing Boy's Complaint, the 89
Comforter, the 162
Contemplation suggested by Rev. vii. 9—17, a 59
Cowper, the last Lines of 27

Death 135
Death of a lovely Child, on the 48
Death of Lord Byron, on the 168
Death of the First-born 98
Dirge 180
Dying Son's Farewell, a 71
Dying Wife to her Absent Husband, the 164

Ecstacy 102
Evening Hymn, an 23
Evening Prayer, an 144

Faith, Hope, and Charity. A Masonic Ode 53
Folly of Atheism, the 117
Forget me not 171

God is Everywhere 95
Greenlander's Hymn to the Sun, the 177

Happiness 30
Hebrew Mother, the 155
Hindoo Hymn 8
Home of the Righteous, the 120
Human Frailty, exemplified in the Fable of the Lily 36
Human Life 66
Hymn 105
Hymn 140
Hymn to the Departed 52
Hymn to the Saviour 148

I am Blind 77
Infinity 13
Inquiry, the 108

July 86

Lady, to a 154
Lark, to the 165
Last Judgment, the 137
Love of Christ unspeakable, the 50

Lines written on hearing the distant Ringing of Bells early on the Sabbath..... 68

Magi at Bethlehem, the..... 66
Melody on Mercy, a..... 132
Millennium, the..... 129
Moonbeam, the..... 142
Morning Hymn, a..... 56
Morning Soliloquy, a..... 100
Morning Star, the..... 12

Ode, an, written in the year 1746..... 171
Ode to Charity..... 20
Orphan Maid's Lament, the..... 159
Ossian's Address to the Sun..... 28

Parting, on..... 143
Partition of the Earth, the..... 82
Pity's Tear..... 75
Pilgrim, to the..... 134
Poet's Bridal Song, the..... 126
Prayer, a..... 147
Psalm cxxxiii..... 58

Rainbow, the..... 112
Religion..... 145
Resignation..... 1
Rose-bud, the..... 124
Roses, the..... 84

Sabbath Morning, the..... 107
Sinner's Refuge, the..... 80

Sonnet 179
Spring 38
Stanzas 55
Stanzas 24
Stanzas for Music 33
Starry Heavens, the 149
Sunset Thoughts 116

Time 17

Unsearchable Riches 14

Verses 151
Vision of Heaven, a 43

Wanderer, the 10
We part to meet again 2
Wild Flowers 73
Wish, the 35
Woman, to 104

Youthful Aspirations 16

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To my Subscribers generally I beg to return my warmest and most grateful thanks, but exceedingly regret my inability to publish the whole list, as their names were not obtained before the work came from the press.

THE

WIDOW'S OFFERING.

RESIGNATION.

O! let my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye;
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapt yet in fears and mystery;
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see,
Yet all is well, since ruled by Thee.

Though mounted on thy clouded car,
Thou send'st thy darker spirits down;
I can discern thy light afar—

Thy light sweet beaming through thy frown;
And should I faint a moment—then
I think of thee—and smile again.

So, trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherish'd joys are fled,
What though some flatt'ring dreams are gone?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain,
Why should my spirit then complain?

WE PART TO MEET AGAIN.

How oft the mind obtains relief,
When parting friends, bow'd down with pain,
Can make this motto their belief—
"We only part to meet again!"

Though distant far, and long their stay,
And silent, musing, we complain;
How does the thought our grief allay!
"We only part to meet again."

Affection says, "we loathe to part,"
Nor can we well from tears refrain;
But this reflection cheers the heart—
"We only part to meet again."

Part here on *earth*, indeed we may,
And hope to meet on *earth* in vain;
Yet still we realize the day
When parting friends shall meet again.

Should we on earth no more unite,
And join in converse as before,
To heaven may we take our flight,
Where friends shall meet to part no more!

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER,

ON THE DEATH OF HER DARLING CHILD.

There was the parting sigh!
With that the spirit fled,
And winged its flight on high,
And left the body dead!

No prayers, no tears, its flight could stay;
'Twas Jesus call'd the soul away.

O how shall I complain
Of Him who rules above?
Who sends no needless pain,
Who always smites in love:
Who looks in tenderest pity down,
E'en when he seems to wear a frown.

The eye of Jesus wept,
It dropp'd a holy tear,
When Mary's brother slept—
A friend to Jesus dear!
Delightful thought! that blessed eye
Still beams with brightness in the sky.

I know my babe is bless'd,
Her bliss by Jesus given;
She's early gone to rest—
She's found an early heaven!
The sigh that closed her eyes on earth—
The moment of her happiest birth.

But ah! my spirits fail,
I feel a pang untold;
Those ruby lips so pale,
That blushing cheek so cold;
And dim those eyes of dewy light,
That smiled and glanced so lovely bright!

To lay that darling form,
So lovely e'en in death,
Food for corruption's worm,
The mould'ring earth beneath;
O worse to me than *twice* to part—
Than second death-stroke to my heart!

As summer-flower she grew,
Expanding to the morn!
All gemm'd with sparkling dew,
A flower without a thorn:
A mother's sweet and lovely flower,
Sweeter and lovelier every hour!

But ah! my morning bloom
Scarce felt the warming ray;
An unsuspected gloom

Obscured the rising day:
A dreary cold and withering blast
Low on the ground its beauty cast.

Its glistening leaves are shed,
That spread so fresh and fair;
The balmy fragrance fled,
That scented all the air;
And lowly laid its lifeless form,
The gentle victim of the storm.

But why in anguish weep?
Hope beams upon my view;
'Tis but a winter's sleep,
My flower shall spring anew:
Each darling flower on earth that sleeps,
O'er which fond memory hangs and weeps.

All to new life shall rise,
In heavenly beauty bright;
Shall charm my ravished eyes,
In tints of rainbow light,
Shall bloom unfading in the skies,
And drink the dew of Paradise.

O! this is blest relief!
My fainting heart it cheers;
It cools my burning grief,
And sweetens all my tears.
These eyes shall see my darling then,
Nor shed a parting tear again.

And, while I feel at heart,
The balm of comfort's gone,
I only mourn apart,
I am not left alone:
Though nipt some buds of opening joy,
How many still my thanks employ!

And thou, my *second* heart!
Lov'd partner of my grief!
Heaven bids thee not depart,
Of earthly joys the chief:
A favoured wife and mother still,
Let grateful praise my bosom fill!

HINDOO HYMN.

Spirit of spirits! who, through ev'ry part
Of space expanded, and of endless time,
Beyond the reach of lab'ring thought sublime,
Bad'st uproar into beauteous order start,
Before heaven was, Thou art.

Ere spheres beneath us roll'd, or spheres above—
Ere earth in firmamental ether hung,
Thou sat'st alone, till, through thy mystic love,
Things unexisting to existence sprung,
And grateful descant sung.

Omniscient Spirit! whose all-ruling power
Bids, from each sense, bright emanations beam;
Glows in the rainbow, sparkles in the stream,
Smiles in the bud, and glistens in the flower
That crowns each vernal bower.

Sighs in the gale, and warbles in the throat
Of ev'ry bird that hails the blooming spring,
Or tells his love in many a liquid note,
While envious artists touch the rival string,
Till rocks and forests ring.

Breathes in rich fragrance from the sadal grove,
Or, when the precious musk-deer playful rose,
In luscious juice from clust'ring fruit distils,
And burns salubrious in the tasteful close;
Soft banks and verdant hills,
Thy present influence fills.

In air, in floods, in caverns, woods, and plains,
Thy will inspirits all; thy sovereign magic reigns;
Blue chrystal vault and elemental fires,
That in th' etherial fluid blaze and breathe;
Thou tossing main, whose snaky branches wreathe
This pensile orb, with intertwisting gyres;
Mountains, whose lofty spires
Presumptuous rear their summits to the skies,
And blend their em'rald hue with sapphire light;
Smooth meads and lawns that glow with varying dyes
Of dew-bespangled leaves and blossoms bright,

Hence! vanish from my sight!
Delusive pictures, unsubstantial shows;
My soul absorb'd one only Being knows
Of all perception, one abundant source
Whence every object, every moment flows.
Suns hence derive their force,
Hence planets learn their source;
But suns and fading worlds I view no more,
God only I perceive—God only I adore.

THE WANDERER.

Once happy and light as the air,
My heart and affections were free;
Life appeared in perspective as fair,
And as bright as a vision could be.

But ah! how delusive and vain
The most flourishing prospect below!
As each beautiful tint has its stain,
So each pleasure is mingled with woe.

I have built on too airy a spot,
On a basis too frequently cleft:
Where now is the structure? ah! nought
But a beautiful ruin is left.

Th' illusions of childhood and youth
Too soon are receding from view,
And the stern chilling maxims of truth
Make me bid those bless'd visions adieu.

Why should I for happiness gaze,
Where I know it can never be found?
Since this earth is too barren a place
For this fanciful good to be found.

I have sought it on every hand;
Much too fondly a creature have lov'd;
Now I traverse the seas and the land,
And all means but too futile have prov'd.

Then whither—to whom shall I fly,
To fill up the void which I feel?
O can I no cordial apply,
Which, the heart that is broken, can heal?

Shall I never find ease from my pains!
Oh! is there no hearer of pray'r?
Yes—the throne of the Highest remains,
And the God of my fathers is there.

Well I know that wherever I roam,
I shall be by his Providence blest;
He will find for the wand'rer a home,
And will give to the weary a rest.

THE MORNING STAR.

The star of the morning,
Now solely adorning
Yon concave, late studed with gems of the night,
With silver rays beaming,
Through dusky mists gleaming,
Is fast disappearing, dissolving in light.

Of man what an emblem,
This brief course resembling,
Oft envelop'd in sorrow and poverty's gloom!

Or should hope beguiling
Around him be smiling,
Yet still, fast declining, he sinks to the tomb.

But, Christian, the morning
Of eternity's dawning,
Beyond which the stars shall no longer endure.
Thine undying spirit
Shall ceaseless inherit
A glorious existence, unfading and pure.

INFINITY.

Thy names how infinite they be,
Great everlasting One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne!

Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound—
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole;
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overwhelms the soul.

In vain our haughty reason swells;
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity.

Thy glories shine before our eyes,
And angels veil their face;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes;
They works proclaim thy praise.

UNSEARCHABLE RICHES.

How shall we our Saviour set forth?
How shall we his beauties declare?
O! how shall we speak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are?
His angels can never express,

Nor saints, who sit nearest his throne,
How rich are his treasures of grace;
Lo! this is a myst'ry unknown!

In Him all the fullness of God
For ever transcendently shines,
Though once like a mortal he stood
To finish his gracious designs.
Though once he was nail'd to the cross,
Vile rebels, like us, to set free;
His glory sustained no loss;
Eternal his kingdom shall be.

O! sinners, believe and adore
This Saviour, so rich to redeem:
No creature can ever explore
The treasures of goodness in him.
Come all ye who see yourselves lost,
And feel yourselves burthen'd with sin,
Draw near while with terror you're lost,
Believe, and your peace shall begin.

YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS.

Higher, higher will we climb
  Up the mount of glory,
That our name may live through time,
  In our own country's story.
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls!

Deeper, deeper let us toil
  In the mines of knowledge,
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,
  Win from school and college:
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the sparkling diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
  Through the path of duty!
Virtue is true happiness;
  Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we, then, a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
  Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit
  In the wildest weather!
Oh! they wander wide, who roam,
For the joys of life, from home.

Dearer, dearer bands of love
  Draw our souls in union
To our Father's house above—
  To the saints' communion;
Thither all our hopes ascend,
There may all our labours end!

J. MONTGOMERY.

TIME.

How precious thou! in value how immense!
How rapidly thy winged moments fly!
Yet, wond'rous strange! e'en men of finest sense
Regard thee merely as a transient sigh.

The sad voluptuary heeds thee not,
Ne'er views, with gratitude, the present sent;
Too deeply wedded to this nether spot,
He cares not how the fleeting hours are spent.

The miser, to his hoard, will bend his knee,
Phlegmatic wretch! in spirit icy cold;
Riches his theme, his meat, his deity;
And, all he worships, is his filthy gold.

The eager sportsman early will arise—
For what? to range for game his spacious grounds;
Devoted to the chase, his all here lies,
Nor soar his thoughts beyond his yelping hounds.

And he, ambitious of a titled name,
Will play the courtier, sycophant, what not?
He gains the bauble, this world's empty fame;
But ah! "the one thing needful" is forgot.

Was time, by Providence, conferred on man
To sport with thus? for thoughtless folly given?
May he, with safety, then do all he can
To throw away this blessed gift of heaven?

For nobler purposes the Lord designed
This heavenly boon of kindness and of love—
That man, with wisdom, might enrich his mind,
And, for celestial bliss, his soul improve.

Waste then, ye mortals, not a single hour;
For who can tell how long he here may stay?
Act well your part, whilst God allows the power,
That hope may close, with joy, your latter day.

Assist me, righteous Lord! thy help I need
To follow closely the advice I give:
Let me from sin, from Satan's wiles be freed,
And live the life that thou would'st have me live.

Offended Saviour! let my heart be bent
On pleasing thee; be ever in my view;
Give me, dear Lord, the virtue to repent,
And the right road to happiness pursue.

Bless me! O! bless me with thy saving grace,
Prepare me for a better world than this;
And when stern death shall end my earthly race,
O! wing my soul to realms of endless bliss!

ODE TO CHARITY.

Come sweet stranger, heavenly guest!
Of all gifts, the fairest, best;
Round thy dwelling blessings rise,
Inmate of the starry skies!
Lost on earth, possess'd on high,
Glorious treasure, Charity.
O! celestial bond of peace,
Without whose peculiar grace,
All our deeds are nothing worth,
All our actions fall to earth;
Fill our hearts alone with thee,
Perfect blessing—Charity!
Lovely, fair, of lowly mind—
Gracious, gen'rous, pitying, kind,
Bearing, suff'ring, ne'er repining,
In distress most sweetly shining,
Haste thee from thy heavenly seat,
Fix on earth thy bless'd retreat;
Spring from God's immortal throne,
Haste, O! haste thy journey down.

See our hearts how cold within,
Cold to thee, but warm to sin;
Haste, nor longer make delay,
Gentle stranger, wing thy way,
Fairest of th' etherial three,*
Thou can'st set us, pris'ners, free,
Thou can'st make the haughty bow,
Bless the meek, reward the low,
Make us all thine influence prove,
Fill our hearts with fervent love.
Thou can'st view, with pitying eye,
Scenes of woe and misery;
Take the helpless orphan's part,
Pleading in the stranger's heart.
Come, descend with all thy powers,
Make these gifts and graces ours!
Thou can'st feed the hungry poor,
Clothe the naked from thy store,
Give the uninstructed light,
Dissipate the Heathen's night,
Here, within our gates, attend,
Sickly nature's dearest friend.

* I Corinthians, xiii. 13.

Faith and hope in thee we find,
Love and truth and duty join'd;
Meekness, patience, every grace,
Peace and mercy mark thy ways.
Come, O! come, our wishes crown,
Make our hearts and souls thy own.
Happy man, possess'd of thee!
Thou shalt set his spirit free;
Gently lead him on his road,
Leaning on his Saviour, God.
Thou his guide, he'll never stray,
Never wander from his way.
What though earthly things increase,
Nature fail and language cease,
Empires vanish, terrors roll,
Flames devour from pole to pole?
Thou, uninjur'd, shalt endure,
Never failing, ever sure!
O! then, sweet and lovely guest,
Enter this unhallow'd breast;
Here thy strength'ning power impart,
Cleanse this hard and stony heart;
Come, sweet stranger, come to me,
All-prevailing Charity!

AN EVENING HYMN.

This is the hour when memory wakes
Visions of joy that could not last;
This is the hour when fancy takes
A survey of the past.

She brings before the pensive mind,
The hallow'd scenes of earlier years;
And friends, who long have been confin'd
To silence and to tears.

The few we lik'd—the one we lov'd,
A sacred band, come stealing on,
And mourn a form far hence remov'd,
And many a pleasure gone.

Friendships, that now in death are hush'd,
And young affection's broken chain,
And hopes that fate too quickly crush'd,
In memory bloom again.

Few watch the fading gleams of day,
But muse on hope as quickly flown;
Tint after tint they died away,
Till all at last were gone.

This is the hour when fancy wreathes
Her spells round joys that could not last;
This is the hour when memory breathes
A sigh to pleasures past.

STANZAS.

Were summer always to remain,
No pleasure that season would yield:
Did the flowers still enamel the plain,
We should find no delight in the field.

From rude stormy winter, we know
How much to be priz'd is the spring:
From the birds, mute in frost and in snow,
What pleasure's enjoy'd when they sing.

The morning is seen with delight,
  New pleasure is found in the day,
By him who, in trav'lling all night,
  Has wander'd far out of his way.

The sick, sure, know best how to prize
  Th' unspeakable blessings of health:
Should rich men their favours despise,
  The poor know the value of wealth.

Thus Fortune has made, in our lot,
  Such changes alternately meet,
Now pain, and now pleasure is got;
  Thus pleasure is render'd more sweet.

O Fortune! how much thy caress
  Is more to be fear'd than thy frown!
This last may the spirit depress;
  The lofty are sure to come down.

Let me never, then, trust thy fond smiles,
  Nor thy frowns fill my spirit with woe:
May the one ne'er my caution beguile,
  Nor the other depress me too low.

Should *Miss Fortune* prove hard and severe,
Should she fill me with sorrow and grief;
Let me hope that the time's drawing near,
Which will bring me the wanted relief.

Should her favours e'er fall to my share,
This still in my mind let me bear—
That her joys may be sources of care,
And her smiles follow'd close with a tear.

CAMPBELL.

THE BEREAVEMENT.

Is there whose heart has bled in silent woe,
O'er the pale wreck of all it lov'd below—
Watch'd the last tint from its fair mansion fly,
Passion's last languish warm the dying eye—
Mark'd the last smile on youth's bright features play,
As the lone spirit sped its weary way—
Felt the fond grasp that death but stronger bound,
And gather'd grief from every object round—

Gazed on the form which late enshrin'd a heart
His own had press'd, for ever now to part—
Felt every stroke that closed the mortal chest,
Fix the keen iron deeper in his breast—
Sought the chill vault to breathe a last adieu,
In sighs more dear than rapture ever drew—
Is there in youth thus early doom'd to prove
The desolation of dissever'd love?
Plung'd, and at once, from transport to despair,
That knows no anodyne but heaven and prayer:
He, only He, can mitigate the pain
That racks a mourning husband's heart and brain.

THE LAST LINES OF COWPER.

To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone:
Oh! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne!

My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore;

Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.

Dissolve, then, the bands that detain
My soul from her portion in Thee;
Oh! strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

Then that happy era begins;
When array'd in thy glory I shine;
And no longer pierce, with my sins,
The bosom on which I recline.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU who rollest through the azure field,
In glory bright, round as my father's shield;
From whence, O sun! the fountain of thy streams,
Th' eternal source of thy transparent beams?
The stars diminish'd from thy presence fly,

And hide themselves in caverns of the sky.
The silver moon, turn'd pale before thy sight,
Sinks, in the western wave, her borrow'd light.
But thou alone still run'st thy ample round;
Nor can companion of thy course be found.
The mountain-oak with age will fall away;
The solid mountains will themselves decay.
The ocean shrinks, then grows upon the coast;
The moon herself in heav'n is often lost.
Constant the same, such change thou never know'st,
But in thy radiant course rejoicing go'st.
When earth is dark with tempests, in the sky
When thunders roll, and the red lightnings fly,
Thou dost, in beauty, from the clouds appear,
And mock'st the storm, which makes the mighty fear—
But ah! in vain to Ossian comes thy light;
No more thy cheering beams refresh his sight;
Whether thy golden hair flies on the morn,
Or trembling beams the gates of west adorn.
But thou, like me, may'st only have thy day,
Like me, thy strength will with thy years decay:
Thou yet shalt sleep within thy cloudy hall,

And there, regardless, hear the morning call.
Do thou, O sun! exult, then, in the prime
Of youthful strength; this is thy favour'd time.
Dark and unlovely seem the coming years;
And, like the lonely moon, old age appears
With beams which faintly pierce the broken clouds,
While the high hills are wrapt in misty shrouds;
When the cold blast, which chills the hardy swain,
Comes from the frozen north upon the plain,
The traveller, weary for the coming day,
Shrinks in the middle of his lonely way.

CAMPBELL.

HAPPINESS.

One morning in the month of May,
I wander'd o'er the hill;
Though nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still.

Can God, thought I, the just and great,
These meaner creatures bless;
And yet deny to man's estate,
The boon of happiness?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye cheerful birds around;
In which of nature's wide domains,
Can bliss for man be found?

The birds wild caroll'd o'er my head,
The breeze around me blew;
And nature's awful chorus said,
"No bliss for man she knew."

I question'd love, whose early ray,
So rosy bright appears;
And heard the timid genius say,
"His light was dim'd by tears."

I question'd friendship, friendship sigh'd,
And thus her answer gave;
"Those who were constant found, when tri'd,
Were wither'd in the grave."

I ask'd if vice could bliss bestow,
Vice boasted loud and well;
But, fading, from her shrivell'd brow,
The wither'd roses fell.

I sought of feeling, if her skill
Could sooth the wounded breast;
And found her mourning, faint and still,
For others' woes distress'd.

I question'd virtue, virtue sigh'd,
No boon could she dispense;
"Nor virtue was her name," she cried,
But "humble penitence."

I question'd death; the grisly shade
Relax'd his brow severe;
"Yes, I am happiness," he said,
"If *virtue* guides thee here."

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Oh ! beauty is the master-charm,
The siren of the soul ;
Whose magic zone encompasseth
Creation with control :
The foster-flame of every mind,
And love and light of human kind.

'Twas beauty hung the blue rob'd heavens ;
She glitters in each star,
Or trippeth on the twilight breeze,
In melody afar ;
She danceth on the dimpled stream,
And gambols in the ripple's gleam.

She couches on the coral wave,
And garlandeth the sea ;
And weaves sweet music in the wind,
That murmurs from the lea ;
She paints the clouds, and points the ray,
And basketh in the blush of day.

She sits among the spangled trees,
And streaks the bud and flower;
She dims the air, and drops the dew
Upon the moon-light bower;
'Tis she unwreathes the wings of night,
And cradles nature in delight.

And, woman!—beauty was the power
That, with angelic grace,
Breath'd love around her glowing form,
And magic in her face;
She crisp'd the silky-flashing hair,
And on her brow—her throne is there.

She arm'd her liquid-rolling eye
With fairy darts of fire;
She wreath'd the lip of luscious hue,
And bade its breath inspire;
She shap'd her for her queenly shrine,
And made her like herself—divine.

Oh! beauty is the master-charm,
The siren of the soul;
Whose magic zone encompasseth

Creation with control:
The foster-flame of every mind,
And love and light of human kind.

R. MONTGOMERY.

THE WISH.

Hard by a soft and murmuring stream,
On some sequestered shady spot;
Far from the world, unknown, unseen,
O! cast my lot.

A straw-thatch'd cottage, neat and clean,
And one that I may call my own;
Round which the ivy-tree is seen,
So sweetly grown.

And then if Jesus deign to smile,
Blessings shall crown my journey through;
I'll bear a little, little while,
And heaven pursue.

Thus would I live, nor court a name,
Till call'd by heaven to meet my doom;
Thus die, and fill, unknown to fame,
The silent tomb.

No marble monument should tell
My name or talents e'er below;
But o'er where my poor dust doth dwell,
The daisy blow.

HUMAN FRAILTY,

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE FABLE OF THE LILY.

In the midst of a valley a lily there grew,
Of comely appearance, and fairest of hue;
Of beauty possess'd in the highest degree,
The queen of the lilies confessed was she.

When rosy Aurora first gilded the morn,
And Phœbus the world with his rays did adorn;
Just now in the prime of her richness and growth,
How lovely was she, just the emblem of youth.

As the moon by the sun is in lustre excell'd,
So far she surpass'd all the flowers of the field;
None dar'd their complexion her beauty compare,
With one so delightful, so pleasing, so fair.

Ah! fairest of flowers, how short is thy date,
How frail thy existence, how hard is thy fate!
Now scarce to thy zenith attain'd, thou must fall,
And lose, in the dust, thy perfections, thy all.

As straight thro' the vale to his far distant home,
A trav'ller was passing ere even was come;
By chance, alas! on her he happen'd to tread,
And crush'd all to atoms her beautiful head.

Most hapless of lilies, which lately wast seen
The glory and pride of the meadow so green;
How soon art thou perish'd, thy charms are all o'er,
Thy beauties all vanish'd, and thou art no more!

This calls to my mind how unstable is man,
How short are his days, but a hand-breadth or span;
How frail his existence, how soon may he fall,
And lose in the dust, like the lily, his all.

In the morning he opens, so blooming, so fair,
How lasting his powers and beauties appear!
But ere old age advances some blast may arise,
Some mischance may befal him, he withers, he dies.

One moment may bring him, alas! to the grave;
No art can restore him, no mortal can save:
When death like a tempest sweeps over the field,
In vain he resists, to the storm he must yield.

Then fade all his beauties, his graces decay,
His youth and his honour like smoke pass away;
His pride is forgotten, his beauty is o'er,
To dust he returns, and is thought of no more.

SPRING.

When spring unlocks the flowers,
To paint the laughing soil;
When summer's balmy breezes
Refresh the mowers' toil:

When winter holds in frosty chains
The fallow and the flood;
In God the earth rejoices still,
And owns her Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning,
And those that love the shade;
The winds that swell the ocean,
Or lull the drowsy glade;
The sun that from his amber bower,
Rejoices on his way;
The moon and stars their Ruler's state,
In silent pomp display.

Shall man, the heir of nature,
Expectant of the sky;
Shall man alone, unthankful,
The voice of praise deny?
No—let the sun forsake his course,
The seasons cease to be;
Thee, Maker, shall we yet adore,
And, Saviour, honour thee.

The flowers of spring may wither,
The fruits of summer fade;

The winter fall untimely,
The birds forsake the shade;
The rivers fail, the ocean's tide
Unlearn his old decree;
But, Lord, in nature's dying hour,
Our love shall cling to thee.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE WIDOW'S OFFERING.

How dear to me this quiet cot,
O'er which the ivy's growing,
That valley, what a lovely spot!
Where cooling streams are flowing.

Beside yon wood, in merry May,
To hear the sweet birds' voices,
To see the lively lambs at play,
How free the heart rejoices.

Dear are these haunts, where oft I play'd,
In childhood's happy hours,

And fair these meadows where I strayed,
Wreathing my head with flowers.

Ye rich green fields, ye woods so gay,
Around my father's dwelling,
From you I tear myself away,
My bosom fondly swelling.

Ye lov'd, and loving hearts, farewell!
That watch'd my childhood's pleasure,
On you my thoughts will gladlier dwell,
Than miser's o'er his treasure.

Farewell! your parents' latest care,
My sister, and my brother,
Whatever lot be your's to share,
Be kind to one another.

Farewell! my father, firm and true,
My mother, warm and tender;
Another, now, in place of you,
Must love's sweet duties render.

What you have done for me, will stay
In mind, till memory perish;

Though your fond child can not repay,
Your kindness she can cherish.

Now I must seek another home,
Where other scenes will bound me,
But thought untir'd will often roam,
To these which now surround me.

The fields I wot will be as green,
As these which flourish near me,
And there will be a heart I ween,
To counsel and to cheer me.

Both friends and kin awhile farewell,
No change, our loves can sever,
The tear that dims my eye may tell,
That mine will glow for ever.

THOMAS LISTER.

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

Once, with a fearful, trembling hand,
I drew aside the veil to see
The glories of the heavenly land,
The brightness of eternity:
But soon the vision overcame,
And terror seiz'd my quaking frame.

I look'd—I saw,—but oh! the light,
The bliss—the splendour of the place,
The shining host who all unite
In songs before Jehovah's face!
A sudden dimness seiz'd my eye;
For who could look on Deity?

One sight I caught of heaven's high train,
One glimpse of my eternal home;
I heard one sweet melodious strain,
And all my powers were overcome;
I fell entranc'd, my senses fled,
Nor dar'd I raise again my head.

The sight oh! ne'er shall I forget,
The song still vibrates in my ear;
When shall I reach that bless'd estate,
When in yon holy throng appear?
Haste, Jesus, fetch my soul away,
To dwell with thee in endless day.

BRITAIN.

A MISSIONARY ODE.

When first its pious herald,
To Britain's happy shore,
The tidings of a Saviour,
With heavenly triumph bore;
Then dreary was the prospect
Presented to their view;
For missionary labours,
What horrors to subdue!

There Satan, uncontroll'd,
Possess'd unbounded reign;

The island wholly groan'd
Beneath his galling chain;
On ev'ry side nought round them
But darkness thy beheld;
The curse of man's transgression,
On all his race entail'd.

There altars high were rear'd,
To gods of wood and stone;
And human victims burn'd,
At Woden's impious throne:
Ingulf'd in superstition,
Our rude forefathers lay;
Till the bright light of glory
Turn'd darkness into day.

But soon as Jesu's banner,
Which o'er the heathen world,
Was marching on in triumph,
In Britain was unfurl'd—
The idol altars trembled,
Unable to withstand;
And long-benighted Britain
Became a christian land.

Then idol worship ceased,
And Pagan customs died;
While Jesu's faith exalted,
Increas'd on every side:
On every side his church's
Bright glory we survey;
While, first in christian graces,
She onward leads the way.

Now grateful for the blessings,
Which she to strangers owes;
She lends her pious labours
To soften others' woes:
Their darkness she enlightens,
Their ignorance dispels;
And pours the oil of gladness,
Whenever woe prevails.

To Europe's farthest boundary,
And India's distant shore;
To Zetland's chilly region,
She sends her heavenly store:
The swarthy sons of Afric,
Her gen'rous bounty share,

And prove no race or nation,
Below her tender care.

Go, Britons, nobly forward,
Increase in holy zeal;
To every name and nation,
The glorious tidings tell:
But little's yet accomplish'd,
And much remains undone;
For all must know salvation,
Beneath the rolling sun.

May God assist her labours,
And bring the period near,
When, rous'd from long delusion,
All lands shall serve in fear:
When wolf and lamb together,
Shall pasture on the plain,
And o'er th' assembl'd nations,
Messiah's sceptre reign.

ON THE DEATH OF A LOVELY CHILD.

Lovely babe! so lately smiling,
Is thy new-born spirit fled?
Art thou snatch'd from future toiling?
Art thou number'd with the dead?

Death, regardless of thy weakness,
Call'd thee from the sin to come,
Oh! for grace to say, with meekness,
Lord of heaven, "Thy will be done!"

Long ere now, thy happy spirit
Has receiv'd its purchas'd rest;
Bought by Jesus, not by merit,
Bliss immortal fills thy breast.

So I oft have seen, with sorrow,
Some relentless, wanton hand
Pluck the rose that, ere to-morrow,
Cloth'd in beauty, would expand.

AN ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

Emblem of modesty, fair moon!
Thy pensile beauties strike my eye,
More grateful than the blaze of noon,
Pale queen of yonder starry sky.

The time to meditation dear,
When thou dost shed thy requiem light
Around the earth, so dark and drear
But for thy rays, to cheer the night.

The pious soul impatient waits
The welcome hour, when thy fair charms
And silent eloquence create
The vow thy holy fervour warms.

For oh! when nought but breezes soft
Blow o'er this earth, nor cares corrode;
The soul, absorb'd, mounts up aloft,
And sweetly communes with her God.

Each silver ray, each breath of air,
Each zephyr serves the joy t' increase;
The nightingales my vigils share,
And Jesus looks and whispers—"Peace."

THE LOVE OF CHRIST UNSPEAKABLE.

Oh! could I borrow from the throng above
Angelic strains, seraphic fire;
Catch, as it falls, one note of heavenly love,
When Gabriel strikes his golden lyre:
Oh! could I use their grand majestic strain
To speak my Saviour's love!—I try in vain.

Hark! what melodious songs they all endite,
Who dwell in bliss, far, far above;
They tell his power, his majesty, and might,
But oh! they cannot tell his *love:*
Nay, though the saints on earth may catch the flame,
And try to speak his love, they try in vain.

Heaven swells the theme; earth sounds the notes again,
And hell feels horror at the strain;
Winds waft the song thro' the high vaulted choir,
And give each sound a sacred fire:
Eternally they try, and try again,
To tell the Saviour's love, but try in vain.

Nay, though the millions glorified above,
With saints on earth should join their song;
The mighty theme be this—Redeeming Love,
And thus employ each rapt'rous tongue:
Their praise would but a faint response contain:
To tell the Saviour's love, they try in vain.

'Twas power when God created the vast world,
'Tis power preserves it to this day;
But oh! 'twas *love* that Calvary unfurl'd,
'Twas *love* that made that bright display:
He dies! he dies for me, oh, matchless pain!
My tongue would speak it, but I try in vain.

Nor time, nor long eternity can tell,
Nor men nor angels fathom this;

The theme is infinite, unspeakable
To saints on earth and saints in bliss;
Oh, may I seek it with an ardent flame!
Unless, condemn'd, I mourn its loss in vain.

HYMN TO THE DEPARTED.

Peaceful rest, ye silent dead,
Rest, ye weary wanderers, rest;
Gentle is your earthly bed,
Quiet is the aching breast.

Peaceful rest, for o'er the tomb,
Weeping willows love to wave;
Rest, for spring's perennial bloom
Clusters fairest on the grave.

Rest, for life is but a dream,
Bliss is nought but gilded woe;
They who live enjoy the gleam,
They who slumber, truly know.

Rest, no sorrow can befal you,
Mingle with the valley's clod;
Rest, till Nature's cry shall call you,
Call you to approach your God.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

A MASONIC ODE.

When Faith left her mansion celestial, for earth,
On seraphim-plumes she was borne thro' the sky;
The crown o'er her temples betoken'd her birth,
The gem on her bosom behests from on high.
Gliding softly thro' clouds by irradiancy clear'd,
Sweet Hope with a smile, like an angel, appear'd;
As friends they approach'd, interchanging the sign,
On earth thus cementing a union divine.

To join this lov'd pair, while discoursing below,
Mild Charity came, their associate and guide,
All the blessings of life 'twas resolv'd they'd bestow

Where honour, with virtue and truth, should preside.
This world *Faith* supported; *Hope* promis'd another;
While *Charity* bound man to man as his brother.
By signs, words, and tokens, the system began,
The eye of the Deity sanction'd the plan.

An abode free from guile these fair strangers now sought,
Where Folly with footsteps unhallow'd ne'er trod,
Where Wisdom held converse, morality taught,
And man paid true homage to virtue and God.
Despairing they droop'd, long in darkness astray,
Till a light, like "a star in the east," led the way,
They enter'd the lodge—all their wishes were crown'd,
Here faith, hope, and charity ever are found.

O'er masons presiding, these virtues combine,
Faith beckons to join the GRAND MASTER above;
Hope points, through heaven's arch, to the regions divine,
And Charity teaches peace, friendship, and love.

To all who deserve, be these principles shown;
The craft is most honour'd when most it is known.
May truth's sacred records to man be unfurl'd,
And faith, hope, and charity govern the world!

STANZAS.

O! rest thee in thy green-turf grave,
There is no sorrow there;
For, tomb'd within, the wretched have
A freedom from despair.

No more shall come the hour of woe,
Nor hope's delusive light;
Untroubled is thy sleep below,
Upon the bed of night.

The dews of anguish damp'd thy brow,
Thine was the wither'd heart;
No stormy woes can scare thee now,
So dreamless as thou art.

Then rest thee in thy desert tomb,
Beneath the dreary sod;
Till mercy shall unshroud the gloom,
And summon thee to God.

R. MONTGOMERY.

A MORNING HYMN.

While before the morning light,
Fly the shadows of the night;
Every sense and every power,
Chain'd throughout the midnight hour,
Struggling now, with sweet surprise,
Into thought and action rise.

Glory first to Thee be given,
O! thou God of earth and heaven;
Gracious Father, has thy love
Look'd in pity from above,
Whilst, in sleep, my eyes were clos'd,
Though to danger still expos'd?

Has thy angel near me stood?
Gentle minister of good;
Powers of hell, at distance kept,
While thy helpless child has slept?
Yes—and still throughout the day,
Let thy presence with me stay.

Blessed Spirit of the Lord,
Thou sweet comfort dost afford;
Through each passing day-light hour,
Let me feel thy quick'ning power;
Still to me my Lord reveal,
Still the blood-bought pardon seal.

With thy purifying fire,
All my thoughts and words inspire;
So may I from day to day,
Led by thee, pursue my way;
Then, with all the hosts above,
Praise the triune God of love.

PSALM CXXXIII.

'Tis sweet, in love's fond clasp, to see
A band of brothers meeting;
Each heart to heav'n-tuned harmony,
Joy's sweetest music beating.

Sweet as the oil of gladness shed
On Aaron's hallowed tresses;
That o'er his priestly vesture spread,
Amid the wind's caresses.

Sweet as the dews of night that fall
On Hermon's flow'rets resting;
Sweet as the star-lit coronal,
Fair Sion's beauty cresting.

There on the spotless wings of peace,
The Lord of love descending,
Shall pour delights that ne'er can cease,
E'en life that knows no ending.

A CONTEMPLATION SUGGESTED BY REV. VII., 9, 17.

I saw, and lo! a countless throng,
Th' elect of every nation, name, and tongue,
Assembled round the everlasting throne;
With robes of white endu'd,
(The righteousness of God,)
And each a palm sustain'd
In his victorious hand;
When thus the bright melodious choir begun;
"Salvation to thy name,
Eternal God, and co-eternal Lamb,
In power, in glory, and in essence one!"
So sung the saints, th' angelic train
Second the anthem with a loud amen.
(These in the outer-circle stood,
The saints were nearest God;)
They prostrate fall with glory overpower'd,
And hide their faces with their wings,
And thus address the King of kings:
"All hail! by thy triumphant church adored,

Blessing, and thanks, and honour too,
Are thy supreme, thy everlasting due,
Our triune Sov'reign, our propitious Lord!"
While I beheld the amazing sight,
A seraph pointed to the saints in white,
And told me who they were, and whence they came:
"These are they whose lot below
Was persecution, pain, and woe:
These are the chosen, purchas'd flock,
Who ne'er their Lord forsook;
Through his imputed merit, free from blame,
Redeem'd from every sin;
And, as thou see'st, whose garments were made clean,
Wash'd in the blood of yon exalted Lamb:
Sav'd by his righteousness alone,
Spotless they stand before the throne;
And, in th' ethereal temple, chaunt his praise.
Himself among them deigns to dwell,
And face to face his light reveal;
Hunger and thirst as heretofore,
And pain and heat they know no more,
Nor need, as once, the sun's prolific rays:

Immanuel, here, his people feeds,
To streams of joy perennial leads,
And wipes, for ever wipes, the tears from every face."
Happy the souls released from fear,
And safely landed there!
Some of the shining number once I knew,
And travell'd with them here:
Nay some, (my elder brethren now)
Set later out for heaven, my junior saints below;
Long after me, they heard the call of grace,
Which wak'd them into righteousness.
How have they got beyond?
Converted last, yet first with glory crown'd.
Ah! little once I thought that these
Would first the summit gain,
And leave me far behind, slow journeying through the plain!
Lov'd while on earth, nor less belov'd though gone,
Think not I envy you your crown;
No; if I could, I would not call you down.
Though slower is my pace,
To you I'll follow on,
Leaning on Jesus all the way,

Who now-and-then lets fall a ray
Of comfort from his throne.
The shinings of his grace
Illume my passage through the wilderness,
And vines nectareous spring, where briars grew;
The sweet unveilings of his face
Make me, at times, near half as blest as you.
O might his beauty feast my ravish'd eyes,
His gladd'ning incense ever stay,
And cheer me all my journey through!
But soon the clouds return, my triumph dies,
Damp vapours from the valley rise,
And hide the hill of Sion from my view.
Spirit of light! celestial dove!
Brighten my sense of interest in that love
Which knew no birth, and never shall expire.
Electing goodness, firm and free,
My whole salvation hangs on thee,
Eldest and fairest daughter of eternity!
Redemption, grace, and glory too,
Our bliss above, and hopes below,
From her, their parent-fountain, flow;
Ah tell me, Lord, that thou hast chosen me!
Thou who hast kindled my intense desire,

Fulfil the wish thy influence did inspire,
And let me my election know!
Then, when my summons bids me come up higher,
Well-pleased I shall from life retire,
And join the burning hosts, beheld at distance now.

TOPLADY.

THE BIBLE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

Hail! sacred volume of eternal truth,
Thou staff of age! thou guide of wandering youth!
Thou art the race, which all that run shall win,
Thou the sole shield against the darts of sin.
Thou giv'st the weary rest, the poor man wealth,
Strength to the weak, and to the lazar health:
Lead me, my King, my Saviour, and my God,
Through all those paths thy sainted servants trod.
Teach me thy two-fold nature to explore,
Copy the human, the Divine adore:
To mark, through life, the profit and the loss,
And trace thee from the manger to the cross.

Give me to know the medium of the wise,
When to embrace the world, and when despise:
To wait with patience, to abound with fear,
And walk between presumption and despair.
Then shall thy blood wash out the stain of guilt,
And not, in vain, for even me be spilt.

AFFLICTION.

How happy the sorrowful man,
Whose sorrow is sent from above;
Indulg'd with a visit of pain,
Chastis'd by Omnipotent Love!
The Author of all his distress,
He comes, by affliction, to know;
And God, he in heaven, shall bless,
That ever he suffer'd below.

Thus then may I happily grieve,
And learn the intent of his rod;
The marks of adoption receive,
The strokes of a merciful God.

With nearer access to his throne,
My burthen of folly confess;
The cause of my miseries own,
And cry for an answer of peace.

O! Father of mercies, on me,
On me in affliction, bestow
The power of applying to thee
For a sanctified use of my woe.
I would, in a spirit of prayer,
To all thy appointments submit;
The pledge of my happiness bear,
And joyfully die at thy feet.

Then, Father, and never till then,
I all the felicity prove,
Of living a moment in pain,
Of dying in Jesus's love.
A sufferer here with my Lord,
With Jesus above, I sit down;
Receive an eternal reward,
And glory receive in a crown.

HUMAN LIFE.

Oh! what a scene of toil and strife
And treachery, is human life!
A moment's joy,—a year of sorrow,
And hopes to be fulfill'd to-morrow!

Thus view'd how drear and desolate,
How little to be crav'd our state!
For who would sail upon a sea,
Whose surges wash no boundary?

But oh! to know, it is the road,
By which the soul ascends to God—
'Tis this which throws round life a spell,
Which, though we loathe, we love as well.

THE MAGI AT BETHLEHEM.

When Israel's King the sages sought,
Gifts regal and divine,
Pure gold and frankincense *they* brought:

What offering shall be *mine?*
For I would bring an offering too,
To Him, to whom my all is due.

No more a babe and wanderer here,
I cannot visit thee;
Yet, though in heaven's exalted sphere,
Accept a gift from me;
Though truly it is little worth,
Presented by a child of earth.

First take my heart—my heart I bring,
With all that it contains,
Thou art my God, thou art my King,
Release it from its chains:
From bonds of sin, oh! set me free,
And let me yield myself to thee.

Each talent, thou at first didst give,
I offer to thee now;
For thee to act, for thee to live,
Hear and accept my vow:
These gifts, unworthy though they be,
Accept, indulgent Lord, from me.

LINES

WRITTEN ON HEARING THE DISTANT RINGING OF BELLS EARLY ON THE SABBATH.

How softly the bells of yon far distant tower
Their musical chiming convey to the ear!
"The Sabbath's returning," their sound seems to whisper—
Most bless'd of all days—holy Sabbath appear.

'Tis a sound which delights me, with pleasure I listen:
Now louder, now fainter, by changes it grows;
Methinks 'tis the voice of my Saviour proclaiming,
"Come seek ye my face in the house that I choose."

O'er fields and o'er meadows the sound sweetly passing,
Invites all around to the blessings of peace;
"Come, children, partake the rich banquet he purchas'd,
I want to be gracious, come seek ye my face."

From the bells to the church my attention now
wander'd,
Sweet solace and comfort how oft there I find!
How oft have my hopes there been cherish'd and
nourish'd,
And pleasure and peace been convey'd to my
mind!

There Jesu's bless'd word in its purity's preached,
Where 'tis my delight and my glory to rest:
No system of morals avails to salvation,
'Tis crucify'd love which alone can make bless'd.

I love, with thy saints, in those walls to assemble,
The happiest moments of life there I find;
There dwells my Creator, my daily Preserver,
There dwells my Redeemer, my Brother, my
Friend.

Say, say, thoughtless mortals, who boast of your
pleasure,
How poor and how vain are the joys you possess!
Can Sabbath's polluted, and Jesus neglected,
Procure for you pleasure so lasting as this?

Vain, vain is the thought, that you e'er can experience
True pleasure apart from religion's abode:
Ah! think on the Being whose service you're slighting;
Ah! think on your sins, on your Saviour and God.

Sweet, sweet's the employment of prayer aud thanksgiving
To him by whom all our rich blessings are given—
To him who has made us the heirs of salvation,
And crown'd the lost sinner with glory in heaven.

Chime, chime away sweetly, ye bells of yon tower,
Oft may ye invite me, most willing to come;
Here may I delight in the ways of religion,
And find, at the last, with my Saviour, a home.

A DYING SON'S FAREWELL.

Weep not for me, mother! because I must die,
And sink in death's coldness to rest;
Weep not for me, mother! because death is nigh,
I go to the home of the blest.

It is but a moment, a pang and no more,
A struggle, and then to be free;
'Tis the spirit's last look on a journey that's o'er,
Oh! death has no terrors for me.

Weep not for me, mother! the christian should fling
His frailties and fears to the wind;
But only in death, when his spirit takes wing,
Can he leave them for ever behind.

Farewell to thee, mother! the mist thickens fast,
The cold hand is laid on my breast;
The moments are numbered—another—the last,
I go to the home of the blest!

CHURCH FELLOWSHIP.

People of the living God!
I have sought the world around;
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found:
Now, to you, my spirit turns,
Turns—a fugitive unblest;
Brethren! where your altar burns,
O receive me to your rest!

Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave:
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power,

Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour:
"Follow me,"—I know thy voice,
Jesus, Lord—thy steps I see;
Now I take thy yoke by choice,
Light thy burthen now to me!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

WILD FLOWERS.

Beautiful children of the woods and fields!
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the heather,
Or into clusters, 'neath the hazels, gather,—
Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem
From the Almighty hand that fashion'd all,
Than those that flourish by a garden-wall;
And I can image ye, as in a dream,
Fair modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful gems! that on the brow of earth
Are fix'd, as in a queenly diadem;
Though lowly ye, and most without a name,
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
As light e'erwhile into the world came,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow!
The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes—
Our own bluebell—the daisy, that doth rise
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow;
And thousands more, of blessed forms and dies,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew!
Fann'd, in your loveliness, by every breeze,
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees:
I often wish that I were one of you,
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful watchers! day and night ye wake!
The Evening Star grows dim and fades away,
And Morning comes and goes, and then the Day

Within the arms of Night its rest doth take;
But ye are watchful whereso'er we stray,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love!
The wild bird joys your opening bloom to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be.
All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move;
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free,—
I love ye all!

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
The dingle deep—the muirland stretching wide,
And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side!
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell;
And, though the Worldling scorning may deride,—
I love ye all!

PITY'S TEAR.

How sweet it is to drop the tear,
That tells the feelings of the heart,

Sublimely others' woe to share,
And then the needed aid impart!

To press the hand of pining grief,
And soothe the sorrows of the breast;
To give the throbbing heart relief,
And hush its murm'rings into rest!

More dear to me *that* sacred hour,
Which aids a brother in distress,
Than all the gaudy pomp of power,
The scenes of gilded wretchedness.

Oh! this is luxury! to cause
The smile of gratitude to play
On that pale cheek, which lately was
A prey to sorrow and decay.

And, in the last decisive day,
Though we have long forgotten been,
One tear of pity shall outweigh
A life of pleasurable sin.

I AM BLIND.

The woodland! O! how beautiful,
How pleasant it must be!
How soft its grass—how fresh the leaves
Upon each forest-tree!
I hear its wild rejoicing birds
Their songs of gladness sing;
To see them leap from bough to bough
Must be a pleasant thing:
I must but image it in mind,
I cannot see it—I am blind!

I feel the fragrance of the flowers,—
Go pull me one, I pray:
The leaves are green upon its stalk—
'Tis richly red you say?
O! it must full of beauty be—
It hath a pleasant smell;
Could I but see its loveliness
My heart with joy would swell!
I can but image it in mind—
I ne'er shall see it—I am blind!

The trees are glorious green, you say—
Their branches widely spread;
And Nature on their budding leaves
Its nursing dew hath shed.
They must be fair; but what is green?
What is a spreading tree?
What is a shady woodland walk?
Say, canst thou answer me?
No! I may image them in mind,
But cannot know them—I am blind!

The songsters that so sweetly chaunt
Within the sky so fair,
Until my heart with joy doth leap,
As it a wild bird were—
How seem they to the light-bless'd eye?
What! are they then so small?
Can sounds of such surpassing joy
From things so tiny fall?
I must but image them in mind—
I cannot see them—I am blind!

A something warm comes o'er my hand;
What is it? pray thee tell?

Sunlight come down among the trees
  Into this narrow dell?
Thou seest the sunlight and the sun,
  And both are very bright!
'Tis well they are not known to me,
  Or I might loathe my night;
But I may image them in mind—
I ne'er shall see them—I am blind!

My hand is resting on your cheek
  'Tis soft as fleecy snow:
My sister, art thou very fair?—
  That thou art good, I know.
Thou art—thou art! I feel the blush
  Along thy neck doth wend!
Thou must be fair—so carefully
  Thy brother thou dost tend!
But I must image thee in mind—
I cannot see *thee*—I am blind!

The changes of the earth and sky—
  All Nature's glow and gloom—
Must ever be unknown to me—
  My soul is in a tomb!

O! I can feel the blessed sun,
Mirth, music, tears that fall,
And darkness sad, and joy, and woe,—
Yea, Nature's movements all:
But I must image them in mind—
I cannot see *them*—I AM BLIND!

THE SINNER'S REFUGE.

WHEN all but lost, in sin's black tide,
The sinner feels his woe:
And seeks a covert where to hide,
But knows not where to go;
Whither shall he for refuge flee,
Redeemer, Jesus, but to thee?

When up he lifts his downcast eyes,
O'erwhelm'd with shame and grief;
And seeks with bitter tears and sighs,
For pardon and relief:
Whither shall he for comfort flee,
Redeemer, Jesus, but to thee?

When in his poor distracted breast,
Conflicting passions rise?
In-dwelling sin denies him rest,
While he for freedom sighs:
For rest and peace where shall he flee,
Redeemer, Jesus, but to thee?

When doubts and fears perplex his mind,
And justice overhangs;
His soul to dark despair consign'd,
With all its bitterest pangs:
Where shall he for assurance flee,
Redeemer, Jesus, but to thee?

Should friendship's dearest ties be broke,
And friends no more confide;
Imbittering the afflicting stroke,
With insult, scorn, and pride:
Where for sweet friendship shall he flee,
Redeemer, Jesus, but to thee?

To ease his pains and soothe his woe,
To smooth the rugged way;

To raise him from the scenes below,
To realms of endless day;
To whom shall he for succour flee,
Redeemer, Jesus, but to thee?

When nature fails and years come on,
When death us silent lays;
In present worlds, and worlds unknown,
For every age and race—
Then, then, O whither shall we flee,
Redeemer, Jesus, but to thee.

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH.

When Jove had encircled our planet with light,
And had roll'd the proud orb on its way,
And had giv'n the moon to illume it by night,
And the bright sun to rule it by day;
The reign of its surface he form'd to agree
With the wisdom that govern'd its plan,
He divided the earth, and apportion'd the sea,
And he gave the dominion to man.

The hunter he sped to the forest and wood,
And the husbandman seized on the plain;
The fisherman launch'd his canoe on the flood,
And the merchant embark'd on the main.
The mighty partition was finished at last,
When a figure came listlessly on,
But fearful and wild were the looks that he cast,
When he found that the labour was done.

The mien of disorder, the wreath which he wore,
And the frenzy that flash'd from his eye,
And the lyre of ivory and gold which he bore,
Proclaim'd that the poet was nigh;
And he rush'd all in fears at the fatal decree,
To the foot of the thunderer's throne,
And complain'd that no part of the earth or the sea
Had been giv'n the bard as his own.

The thunderer then smiled at his pray'r and his mien,
Though he mourn'd his request was too late,
And he ask'd in what region the poet had been,
When his lot was decided by fate.
Oh! pardon my error, he humbly replied,
Which sprung from a vision too bright;

My soul at that moment was close at thy side,
Entranc'd in these regions of light.

It hung on thy visage, it bask'd in thy smile,
And it rode on thy glances of fire;
And forgive, if bewilder'd and dazzled the while,
It forgot every earthly desire.
The earth, said the godhead, is portion'd away,
And I cannot reverse the decree;
But the heav'ns are mine, and the regions of day,
And the portal is open to thee.

SCHILLER.

THE ROSES.

I saw them once blowing,
While morning was glowing;
But now are their wither'd leaves strew'd on the ground,
For tempest to play on,
For cold worms to prey on,
The shame of the garden that triumphs around.

Their buds which then flourish'd,
With dew-drops were nourish'd,
Which turn'd into pearls as they fell from on high:
Their hues are all banish'd,
Their fragrance all vanish'd,
Ere evening a shadow has cast from the sky.

I saw, too, whole races
Of glories and graces,
That open and blossom, but quickly decay;
And smiling and gladness,
In sorrow and sadness,
Ere life reach'd its twilight, fade dimly away.

Joy's light-hearted dances,
And melody's glances,
Like rays of a moment, are dying when born;
And pleasure's best dower
Is nought but a flower,
A vanishing dew-drop, a gem of the morn.

The bright eye is clouded,
Its brilliancy shrouded;
Our strength disappears, we are helpless and lone;

No reason avails us,
And intellect fails us;
Life's spirit is wasted, and darkness comes on.

BILDEWAGH.

JULY.

Come hither now, my pretty girl, and rest thee on my knee,
And put that gipsy bonnet off, and let thy tongue be free;
Bring here thy little basket, love, and let us twine and tie
The flowers and greens which we have cull'd, those calends of July.
Well, father, here is oak, and elm, and beech, and maple too,
And chesnut, with its glorious flow'rs, with these what shall I do?
O twine them for thy grandsire, love; they'll suit him I engage;
Go tell him, he is not forgot—July has wreaths for age.

These double stocks and wall-flowers sweet, fresh
from the garden bed;
Carnations, and ranunculuses, with roses white and
red;
What shall we do with these? My dear, these in a
garland twine,
And while their fragrance sweetly smells, and while
their colours shine,
O haste and hang them, with a smile, around thy
mother's neck,
And tell her we have gathered them, her loveliness
to deck;
Then for our sakes, my Emily, these flowers she will
prefer,
And feel new happiness, to think, July has wreaths
for her.

And now these luscious sweet-peas bloom, that look,
on golden stems,
Like vegetable butterflies, or animated gems;
Nasturtium, with his yellow hood; convolvolus with
blue;
This vine-branch, and the passion-flowers, that in the
hot-house grew?

Methinks they are romantic plants—see how their tendrils twirl:
Then twine them for your sister, love, she's a romantic girl,
And while you place them on her brow—kiss her and say with truth,
That Flora has remember'd her—July has wreaths for youth.

Now, father, for these hawthorn blooms, these honeysuckles gay:
And this the glory of the hedge, this crowded wild-rose spray?
O twine them for our dairy-maid—go hang them on her pail,
And say you gathered them for her, while rambling down the dale;
Now only these green bents remain, that corn's unripen'd ear;
These purple clover-knobs, and white. We'll tie them up, my dear,
And when our Martin at his toil, halts for a moment's ease,
Go hang them on his scythe, and say, July has sent you these.

The flowers are done; the garland's twin'd, of many
a mingling hue—
But father, amidst all my task, I've twined no wreath
for you.
Thy duty and affection, child, more highly I approve;
And all those flowers henceforth, to me, shall blos-
som of thy love;
And, Emily, in future years, when thou shalt gather
flow'rs
Of health, hope, joy, and happiness, in womanhood's
fair bowers,
O then distribute them around, and oft this hour
recal—
That thou and they may ever find, July has wreaths
for all.

THE CLIMBING BOY'S COMPLAINT.

Who loves the climbing by? who cares
If ill or well I be?
Is there a living soul that shares
A thought or wish with me?

I've had no parents since my birth,
Brothers and sisters none:
O what to me is all this earth,
Where I am only one?

I wake and see the morning shine,
And all around me gay;
But nothing I behold is mine;
No not the light of day:—

No not the very breath I draw;
These limbs are not my own;
A master calls me his by law;
My griefs are mine alone.

Ah! these they could not make him feel,—
Would they themselves had felt,
Who bound me to that man of steel,
Whom mercy cannot melt!

Yet not for health or ease I sigh,
All are not rich or great;
Many may be as poor as I,
But none so desolate.

For all I know have kin and kind,
Some home, some hope, some joy;
But these I must not think to find,—
Who knows the climbing boy?

The world has not a place of rest
For outcasts so forlorn;
'Twas all bespoken, all possess'd,
Long before I was born.

Affection too, life's sweetest cup,
Goes round from hand to hand;
But I am never ask'd to sup,
Out of the ring I stand.

If kindness beats within my heart,
What heart will beat again?
I coax the dogs—they snarl and start;
Brutes are as bad as men.

The beggar's child may rise above
The misery of his lot;
The gipsy may be lov'd, and love;
But I—but I must not.

Hard fare, cold lodgings, cruel toil,
Youth, health, and strength consume;
What tree could thrive in such a soil?
What flow'r so scath'd could bloom?

Should I out-grow this crippling work,
How shall my bread be sought?
Must I to others, alas, turn Turk?
And teach what I am taught?

Oh! might I roam with flocks and herds,
In fellowship along!
Oh! were I one among the birds,
All wing, and life, and song!

Free, with the fishes, might I dwell
Down in the quiet sea!
The snail in his cab-castle shell—
The snail's a king to me.

For out he glides in April show'rs,
Lies snug when storms prevail;
He feeds on fruits, he sleeps on flowers,—
I wish I was a snail!

No never! do the worst they can,
I may be happy still;
For I was born to be a man,
And, if I live, I will.

MONTGOMERY.

CAMPBELL,

ON THE RUINS OF HIS ANCESTRAL DOMAIN.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that imbosom the bower
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruin'd and wild is this roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's shelt'ring tree,
And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,
Where hunter of deer, and the warrior trod,
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet, wandering, I found, on my ruinous walk,
By the dial stone, aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,

To mark where a garden had been:
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of nature, it drew
From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace;
For the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the place
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
That survives in this desolate heart!
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall;
But patience shall never depart.
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion, by fancy combin'd
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream in the night,
And leave but a desert behind—

Be hush'd, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns,
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shores—
Thro' the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,
May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate!

Ah! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again,
To *bear*, is to *conquer* our fate!

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

A trodden daisy, from the sward,
With tearful eye I took,
And on its ruin'd glories I,
With moving heart, did look:
For, crush'd and broken though it was,
That little flower was fair;
And oh! I loved the dying bud—
For God was there!

I stood upon a sea-beat shore—
The waves came rushing on;
The tempest raged in giant wrath—
The light of day was gone.
The sailor, from his drowning bark,
Sent up his dying prayer;
I look'd, amid the merciless storm,
And God was there!

I sought a lonely, woody dell,
Where all things soft and sweet—
Birds, flowers, and trees, and running streams—
'Mid bright sunshine did meet:
I stood beneath an old oak's shade,
And summer round was fair;
I gazed upon the peaceful scene,
And GOD was there!

I saw a home—a happy home—
Upon a bridal day,
And youthful hearts were blithesome there,
And aged hearts were gay:—
I sat amid the smiling band,
Where all so blissful were—
Among the bridal maidens sweet—
And GOD was there!

I stood beside an infant's couch,
When light had left its eye—
I saw the mother's bitter tears,
I heard her woeful cry—
I saw her kiss its fair pale face,
And smooth its yellow hair;

And oh! I loved the Mourner's home,
For GOD was there!

I sought a cheerless wilderness—
A desert, pathless, wild—
Where verdure grew not by the streams,
Where Beauty never smiled;—
Where Desolation brooded o'er
A muirland lone and bare,
And awe upon my spirit crept,
For GOD was there!

I look'd upon the lowly flower,
And on each blade of grass—
Upon the forests, wide and deep; –
I saw the tempests pass:
I gazed on all created things
In earth, in sea, and air;
Then bent the knee—for GOD in Love
Was everywhere!

DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

Dark was the night! o'er Egypt's fated land,
No stars beam'd forth—no morn its radiance flung;
Portentous gloom appear'd on every hand;
Faint was each heart, and silent every tongue.
Unusual terror every soul possess'd,
Foreboding panic seiz'd on every breast.
Long had the Egyptians felt Jehovah's frown—
Plague after plague had broke their spirits down;
They own'd the dreadful vengeance of his hand,
That spread destruction through the weeping land;
And wonder'd where the awful scourge would end,
No refuge near, no power that could defend.
But Pharaoh's soul unmov'd, unsoften'd still,
Refus'd t' obey Jehovah's righteous will;
His heart was harden'd, and his conscience sear'd,
He brav'd the wrath of heav'n, nor vengeance fear'd.
In thraldom still the chosen race he held,
Till he the measure of his crimes had fill'd.
Hath God forgot his purposes of love?
Will he who reigns supreme o'er all above—

Who, with one blast of his avenging breath,
Can hurl his foes to instantaneous death—
Will he his chosen race in bondage leave,
Nor raise his wonder-working arm to save?
Oh! no, his awful vengeance sleeps not now—
The hour is come—the hour of Egypt's woe!
He comes! he comes! behold the opening sky!
And downward see th' avenging angel fly!
'Tis past! 'tis o'er! the dreadful deed is done,
From house to house the awful tidings run;
Cold, pallid, breathless, every first-born lies,—
On them no more the morning light shall rise!
Snatch'd in one moment to the darksome tomb,
All, all involv'd in one promiscuous doom!
Rise, Pharaoh, from thy bed of down arise!
Hear the loud wailings, and the deaf'ning cries!
Behold the tumult, and the wild affright,
And all the horrors of this fearful night!
"Who is Jehovah;" dost thou now inquire?
Behold him present in his watchful ire!
In vengeance girt, he scatters death abroad!
Who can resist the vengeance of a God?

A MORNING SOLILOQUY.

Soft slumbers now mine eyes forsake,
My powers are all renew'd;
May my freed spirit, too, awake,
With heavenly strength endued!

Thou silent murd'rer, sloth, no more
My mind imprison'd keep;
Nor let me waste another hour
With thee, thou felon, sleep.

Think, O my soul, could dying men
One lavish'd hour retrieve,
Though spent in tears, and pass'd in pain,
What treasures would they give!

But seas of pearls, and mines of gold,
Were offer'd then in vain!

Their pearl* of costless price is lost,
And where's the promis'd gain?

Lord, when thy dreadful day's account,
For squander'd hours, shall come,
Oh! let not this increase th' amount,
And swell the former sum.

Teach me, in health, each good to prize,
I, dying, shall esteem;
And every pleasure to despise,
I then shall worthless deem.

For all thy wondrous mercies past,
My grateful voice I raise,
While thus, I quit the bed of rest,
Creation's Lord to praise.

MRS. H. MORE.

* Matthew, xiii., 46.

ECSTACY.

In realms of light, beyond the sky,
Bright seraphim adore thee,
Obey thy mandates, God most high,
And cast their crowns before three.

While cherubim of shining train,
Low at thy feet prostrated,
Enraptur'd, glorify thy name,
Who all their bliss created.

Angelic hosts, in countless throngs,
Thy love their hearts inflaming,
Rejoice, in never-ceasing songs,
Redeeming love proclaiming.

While bending low before thy throne,
Redeem'd from every nation,
The ransom'd tribes thy mercy own,
And shout thy free salvation.

They strike their golden harps, and sound
Redemption's wondrous story,
While answering clarions loud resound
Through all the realms of glory.

Thrice happy they who shall ascend
Through thy Divine oblations,
To share their joys, and with them bend,
In ceaseless adorations!

O blissful, enviable lot,
From all their labour resting,
Their earthly sorrows all forgot,
No sins their peace molesting!

No longer subject to disease,
Afflicted, heavy laden,
But in unfathom'd, boundless seas
Of bliss and rapture bathing.

Nor will my soul, dear Lord, despair
Of that exalted station;
For shall not *all* those pleasures share,
Who trust in thy salvation?

And when wilt thou, eternal God,
Forsake thy child? O never!
For thou hast bought me with thy blood,
And I am thine for ever.

TO WOMAN.

O THOU, by heaven, ordain'd to be
Arbitress of man's destiny,
From thy warm heart one tender sigh,
One glance of thine approving eye,
Can raise or bend him, at thy will,
To virtue's noblest flights, or worst extremes of ill!

Be angel-minded! and despise
Thy sex's little vanities;
And let not passion's lawless tide,
Thy better purpose sweep aside;
For woe awaits the evil hour,
That lends to man's annoy thy heaven-intrusted power.

Woman! 'tis thine with gentle sway,
To lure him from each sinful way;
Thine, in domestic solitude,
To win him to be wise and good;
His pattern, guide, and friend to be,
And give him back the heaven he forfeited for thee.

HYMN.

'Twas God that turn'd the rolling spheres,
And stretch'd the winding skies;
That form'd the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

From everlasting is his might,
Unbounded, unconfin'd;
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

He darts along the burning skies,
Loud thunders round him roar;
All heaven attends him as he flies,
All earth proclaims his power.

The sun shrinks back as he appears,
The moon forgets to shine;
And every fading star declares
His Majesty Divine.

He speaks, great nature's wheels stand still,
And cease their wonted round;
The mountains melt, each trembling hill
Forsakes its ancient bound.

He scatters nations with his breath,
The scatter'd nations fly;
His fiat gives, or life or death,
Defeat or victory.

Ye works of every living thing,
Fulfil his dread command!
Pay duteous homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

But ah! my muse, forbear the theme,
Since thus th' Almighty says,
"What tongue is equal to my name,
Or who can trace my ways?"

THE SABBATH MORNING.

Now along the morning gale,
  Tolls the church-bell soft and slowly;
And o'er mountain, wood, and vale,
  Sleeps the Sabbath, silence holy!

Not a human voice is heard,
  Voice of labour, or of pleasure,
Mingling with the tuneful bird,
  As it thrills its early measure.

Now the youthful and the old,
  Now the cheerful and the weeping,
Tread along the flowery mould,
  Where their kindred dust is sleeping.

Now the pious spirit glows,
  Now the holy psalm is singing,
Rousing thoughts of long repose,
  Thoughts of endless glory bringing.

THE INQUIRY.

Rise, hoary fathers, reverend seers,
Newtonian sages, white with years,
Well stor'd with purest truth:
Soon death shall summon you away,
Yet deign, ere you his call obey,
T' instruct inquiring youth.

The boon I seek is happiness;
Who does the precious good possess,
Say what his favour'd name?
Fathers, where you direct, I go,
With cheerful feet I hasten, so
I may possess the same.

I pause, I listen.—No reply?
O why withhold your counsel? why
Still shake the dubious head?
Know you not where the treasure lies?
Say, have you never found the prize?—
What! silent as the dead?

Since, fathers, since *you* may not speak,
Of things *inanimate* I seek—
  I search all nature through.
Perchance her all-instructive voice
May, in the calm, the tempest's noise,
  Pronounce a lesson true.

I ask the bird that flutters by,
The many-colour'd butterfly,
  The cattle of the plain;
The finny tribes that swim the deep,—
These, too, a solemn silence keep:
  I supplicate in vain.

I ask of Love,—the smiling boy,
So wont the stripling to decoy,
  Assumes a look forlorn;
For, underneath his flowing vest,
Stands this device upon his breast,
  "Each rose must bear a thorn."

But pleasure, too, appears to view;
Yet, if my hasty steps pursue,
The *ignis fatuus* flies;

O why should a delusive dream,
So fair and fascinating seem,
And oft deceive the wise!

I ask not vice—her pallid face
Betokens horror and disgrace,
And woes no tongue can tell;
O shun th' unrighteous one's abode,
For, with the wicked, saith my God,
No real peace can dwell.

Religion comes:—with look serene,
With tranquil brow, and heavenly mien,
To her my court I pay;
Thou wilt not, nymph, my offering spurn,
Nor from thine humble suppliant turn
Indignantly away.

Inquirer, cease to seek within
A world so much defil'd with sin,
For pure unmingled bliss:
Think not, below the clouds, to find
A thing so perfect, so refin'd;
In heaven the treasure is.

Yet mark the words that Wisdom speaks,—
" The pious soul, of me that seeks,
Shall ne'er apply in vain;
For, know, with me the treasure lies,
'Tis I procure it from the skies,
And send it forth to men.

" Study the everlasting page,
And regulate thy youth, thine age,
By its unerring word;
So shall a joy, that never springs
From earth and its material things,
Become thy large reward.

" 'Tis this that gives its zest to health,
Adds to prosperity and wealth,
Makes up for loss of all;
It cheers e'en poverty's rude state;
Can an eternal peace create,
Whatever woes befal;

" Softens affliction's iron touch,
Consoles the sufferer on his couch,
And mitigates distress;

It makes the widow's smiles appear,
It glisten's in the orphan's tear,
Oh! this is happiness."

E. B.

THE RAINBOW.

The evening was glorious and light—through the trees
Play'd the sunshine and rain-drops, the birds and the breeze,
The landscape, outstretching, in loveliness lay
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the queen of the spring, as she pass'd down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smile of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And rank, in her footsteps, sprung herbage and flowers.

The skies, like a banner in sunset unroll'd,
O'er the west threw their splendour of azure and gold;
But one cloud, at a distance, rose dense, and increas'd,
Till its margin of black touch'd the zenith and east.

We gaz'd on the scenes, while around us they glow'd,
When a vision of beauty appear'd on the cloud;
'Twas not like the sun, as at midday we view,
Nor the moon that rolls nightly through starlight and blue.

Like a spirit it came on the van of the storm,
And the eye, and the heart, hail'd its beautiful form;
For it look'd not severe, like an angel of wrath,
And its garment of brightness illum'd its dark path.

In the height of its grandeur sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;
And river, field, village, and woodland grew bright,
As conscious they felt, and afforded delight.

'Twas the bow of Omnipotence, bent in His hand,
Whose grasp of creation the universe spann'd;
'Twas the presence of God, in a symbol sublime,
His bow from the flood to the exit of time.

Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariot and lightnings his steeds;
The black clouds his banners of vengeance unfurl'd,
And thunder'd his voice to a guilt-stricken world:

In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,
And seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword, and the plague-spot, with death strew the plain,
And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain:—

Not such was that rainbow, that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone the sun;
A pavilion it seem'd, which the Deity grac'd,
And justice and mercy met there and embrac'd.

Awhile—and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like Love o'er a death-couch, or Hope o'er the tomb,
Then left the dark scenes whence it slowly retir'd,
As Love had just vanish'd, and Hope had expir'd.

I gaz'd not alone on that scource of my song;
To all that beheld it, these verses belong;
Its presence to all, was the path of the Lord;
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and ador'd.

Like a visit, the converse of friends, and a day,
That bow from my sight, pass'd for ever away;
Like that visit, that converse, that day, on my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory, distinctly defin'd,
With the strong and unperishing colours of mind;
A part of my being, beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcrib'd on my soul.

HOLLAND.

SUN-SET THOUGHTS.

How beautiful the setting sun
  Reposes o'er the waves!
Like virtue, life's drear warfare done,
  Descending to the grave;
Yet smiling with a brow of love,
  Benignant, pure, and kind,
And blessing, ere she soars above,
  The realms she leaves behind.

The cloudlets, edg'd with crimson light,
  Veil o'er the blue serene;
While swift the legions of the night
  Are shadowing o'er the scene.
The sea-gull, with a wailing moan,
  Upstarting, turns to seek
Its lonely dwelling-place upon
  The promontory's peak.

The heaving sea—the distant hill—
  The waning sky—the woods—

With melancholy musings fill
The swelling heart, that broods
Upon the light of other days,
Whose glories now are dull,
And on the visions, hope could raise,
Vacant and beautiful!

Where are the bright illusions vain,
That fancy bodi'ed forth?
Sunk to their silent caves again,
Aurora of the north:
Oh! who would live those visions o'er,
All brilliant though they seem,
Since earth is but a desert shore,
And life a weary dream!

THE FOLLY OF ATHEISM.

Dull *Atheist!* could a giddy dance
Of atoms lawless hurl'd,
Construct so wonderful, so wise,
So harmoniz'd a world?

Why do not Arab's driving sands,
The sport of every storm,
Fair freighted fleet, the child of chance,
Or gorgeous temples form?
Presumptuous wretch, thyself survey,
That lesser fabric scan;
And tell from whence th' immortal dust—
The god—the reptile man.
Where wert thou when this pop'lous earth
From chaos burst its way,
When stars exulting sung the morn,
And hail'd the new-born day?
What, when the embryo speck of life,
The miniature of man,
Nurs'd in the womb, its slender form
To stretch and swell began;
Say, didst thou warp the fibre woof,
Or mould the sentient brain;
The fingers stretch, the living nerve,
Or fill the purple vein?
Dids thou then bid the bounding heart,
Its endless tales begin;
Or clothe in flesh the hardening bone,
Or weave the silken skin?

Who bids the babe inhale the breeze,
  Expand its panting breast;
And, with impatient hands, untaught,
  The milky rill arrest?
Or who, with unextinguish'd love,
  The mother's bosom warms,
Along the rugged path of life,
  To bear it in her arms?
A God! a God! the wide earth shouts:
  A God the heavens reply;
He moulded in his palm the world,
  And hung it in the sky.
"Let us make man;" with beauty clad,
  And health in every vein;
And reason thron'd, upon his brow
  Stretch'd forth majestic man.
Around he turns his wond'ring eyes,
  All nature's works surveys;
Admires the earth! the skies! himself!
  And tries his tongue in praise.
"Ye hills and vales, ye meads and woods!
  Bright sun, and glittering stars!
Fair creatures, tell me, if you can,
  From whence, and what I am?

What Parent-power, all great and good,
Do these around me own?
Tell me, creation, tell me how
T' adore the vast Unknown?"

DR. DARWENT.

THE HOME OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

Oh! sacred star of evening, tell
In what unseen celestial sphere,
Those spirits of the perfect dwell,
Too pure to rest in sadness here!

Roam they the crystal fields of light,
O'er paths alone by angels trod?
Their robes with heavenly lustre bright,
Their home—the paradise of God!

Soul of the just! and canst thou soar
Amidst those radiant spheres sublime,

Where countless hosts of heaven adore,
Through the unbounded march of time?

And canst thou join the sacred choir,
Through heaven's high dome the strain to raise,
Where seraphs strike the golden lyre,
In ever-during notes of praise?

Oh! who would heed the chilling blast,
That blows o'er time's eventful sea,
If doom'd to hail, those perils past,
The bright waves of eternity?

And who, the sorrows, would not bear
Of such a transcient world as this,
When hope displays, beyond its care,
So fair an entrance into bliss?

THE BENDED BOW.*

THERE was heard the sound of a coming foe,
There was sent through Britain a bended bow,
And a voice was pour'd on the free winds far,
As the land rose up at the sign of war.

"Heard ye not the battle horn?
Reaper! leave thy golden corn!
Leave it for the birds of heaven;
Swords must flash and shields be riven!
Leave it for the winds to shed—
Arm! ere Britain's turf grow red!
And the reaper arm'd, like a freeman's son,
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Hunter! leave the mountain chase,
Take the falchion from its place!

* It is supposed that war was anciently proclaimed in Britain, by sending messengers in different directions through the land, each bearing a bent bow; and that peace was in like manner announced by a bow unstrung, and, therefore, straight.—*Cambrian Antiquities.*

Let the wolf go free to-day,
Leave him for a nobler prey!
Let the deer ungall'd sweep by,—
Arm thee! Britain's foes are nigh!"
And the hunter arm'd, ere his chase was done,
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Chieftain! quit the joyous feast!
Stay not till the song hath ceas'd,
Though the mead be foaming bright,
Though the fires give ruddy light;
Leave the hearth, and leave the hall—
Arm thee! Britain's foes must fall!"
And the chieftain arm'd, and the horn was blown,
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Prince! thy father's deeds are told,
In the bower and in the hold!
Where the goat-herd's lay is sung,
Where the minstrel's harp is strung!
Foes are on thy native sea,
Give our bards a tale for thee!"
And the prince came arm'd, like a leader's son,
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Mother! stay not thou the boy;
He must learn the battle's joy!
Sister! bring the sword and spear;
Give thy brother words of cheer!
Maiden! bid thy lover part,
Britain calls the strong in heart!"
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on,
And the bards made song, for a battle's won!

THE ROSE-BUD.

At dawn, upon its slender stem,
An op'ning rose-bud bloom'd,
And, deck'd with many a dewy gem,
The passing breeze perfum'd.

I sought it at the noontide hour,
Its gentle head reclin'd,
And, 'neath the sun's meridian power,
Away its beauty pin'd.

And here retiring to his rest,
Sol streaks the western sky,
The flower his early beams caress'd,
In scatter'd fragments lie.

Ah, man! behold in this, I sigh'd,
An emblem of thy doom;
Nor nature's simple truth deride,
That points thee to thy tomb.

From yonder shreds, that, scatter'd round,
In wild disorder lie,
Methinks proceeds a solemn sound,
"O man, prepare to die!"

Nor boast of sublunary bliss,
The pride of rank or birth;
Since all your grandeur ends in this—
Your length and breadth of earth.

And, Christian, why indulge the tear?
But give reflection scope,
And all your sorrows disappear,
Before the rays of hope.

Though born, like us, to weep and die,
How different is our lot!
We, withering, fade from every eye,
Unpiti'd—soon forgot;

While *you*, releas'd from earthly toil,
In worlds beyond the tomb,
Transported to a happier soil,
Through endless years shall bloom.

THE POET'S BRIDAL SONG.

O! my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams, that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dream'd in vain,
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To sober joys and sullen woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee,
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee!

E'en while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom, and matron wit,
Fair, gentle, as when first I su'd,
Thou seem'st but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee,
As when, beneath the myrtle tree,
We stay'd, and woo'd, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or linger'd 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond, and words were few.

Though I see smiling, at thy feet,
Five sons and a fair daughter sweet!
And time and care and birth-time woes
Have dim'd thy eyes and touch'd thy nose;
To thee, and thought of thee, belong
What charms me most of tale or song;
When words came down, like dews, unsought,
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
And fancy in her heaven flies free—
They came, my love, they came from thee.

O, when more thought we gave, of old,
To silver, than some give to gold;

'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
What things could deck our humble bower;
'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit from fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for those locks of thine—
A song-wreath, which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow, and woods are green.

At times there came, as came there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought;
When fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And hope, that deck's the peasant's bower,
Shines like the rainbow through the shower:
O then, I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye;
And proud resolve, and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak,
I think the wedded wife of mine,
The best of all that's not divine.

THE MILLENNIUM.

O'er the green earth, long benighted,
Truth shall, like a morning star,
Shine on lands for ages slighted—
Shed its radiance wide and far.

Watchmen say, the morning cometh,
Lo! it gilds the mountain-peaks;
Moral spring in beauty bloometh,
Lustre, all the orient, streaks.

In his chariot "love-paved,"
Jesus shall to earth descend;
Millions of the heathen saved,
Lowly at his footstool bend.

Verdant isles in either tropic,
On the mild Immanuel call;
Grace and mercy all their topic,
Rich and free, and full for all.

All the penal curse repealed,
Love and light and truth abound;
Nature's bitter waters healed,
All the earth is holy ground.

Promises in scripture pages,
Their accomplishment disclose;
Deserts, as foretold by sages,
Bloom and blossom as the rose.

All along the vale of vision,
Gales of quickening mercy flow;
Jesus, once the Jews' derision,
Shall to them his glory shew.

Yes, a nation long forgotten,
As the corpse return'd to clay,
Bones dri'd up, and bodies rotten,
Shall be born within a day.

Open the prophetic volume!
He that runs may surely read,
God has, by a promise solemn,
Israel's grafting in, decreed.

By the flaming cross revealed,
  By the truth-inspired word,
By the Gospel, ages sealed,
  Jacob's race shall be restor'd!

Salem shall, in ancient splendour,
  Lift her consecrated towers;
God, her glory, hope, defender,
  Clothe her wilderness with flowers.

Yes, of what the Lord hath spoken,
  Not a tittle e'er shall fail;
'Tis God's word, and, by this token,
  Israel's restoration hail!

He who on the cross was smitten,
  Jacob's outcasts shall redeem;
'Tis in heaven's volume written,
  They shall weep and turn to him!

Though they suffer partial blindness,
  "God shall take away the veil,"
From his lips, the law of kindness
  Shall his Israel's pardon seal.

A MELODY ON MERCY.

How mild is the age that, with sympathy streaming,
Can beam on distress with love's holiest ray!
'Tis like a bright sun in his loveliness beaming,
O'er darkness and gloom, which he turns into day.

How pure is the tear-drop that falls uninvited,
When widows bereav'd relate their sad tale!
The Angel of Mercy beholds it delighted,
The loveliest lustre of misery's vale.

How soft and benign consolation's sweet topics,
To hearts that in silence and loneliness groan!
They cheer like the north wind, that breathes o'er the tropics,
Refreshing the vales of the torrefied zone!

How lovely the fair one, dispos'd in compassion!
Who gives to the cottage at poverty's call;

Ah! how she transcends the gay daughters of fashion,
Who flutter at levees, or flourish at ball!

How blest is the soul that with generous feeling,
At misery's plea, can unlock its full stores!
Then lowly in prayer, at a throne of grace kneeling,
Clings fast to the cross, weeps, believes, and adores.

How kind is the heart, that, to children up-growing,
And orphans, imparts learning's earliest ray!
Like the sun on the heath-rose, new beauty bestowing,
That cheers while it kisses the dew-drops away.

To send round the green earth the Bible, (rich treasure)
In every language, to every zone,
Is mercy to man in its mightiest measure;—
O England, this jewel of love is thine own!

To heathens benighted, how sweet is that pity
That sends the rich gospel to lead them to bliss!

No stream in the desert, no joy in the city,
Can equal the mercy, the beauty of this.

Go on, my dear country, where misery calls thee,
And scatter the blessings of mercy afar;
The presence of Jesus with bulwarks shall wall thee,
And make thee earth's lamp, light-house, beacon,
and star.

The mantle of love is the seraph's adorning;
O let my blest country this glory display!
An angel of mercy refreshing, as morning,
Benign on the heavens, and radiant as day.

TO THE PILGRIM.

Scene—VALE OF LANDISILLIO.

O THOU, who hither com'st from far,
From peaceful vales, or fields of war;
From Wolga's fiercely rolling tide;
Or Arar's banks, whose tranquil side,

With thyme and moss, is cover'd o'er;
Here rest, and try the world no more.
Here rest, where flowers of various hue,
In modest pride, attract thy view;
Where rills from mountain-heights descend,
In gurgling streams, and wildly bend
Their murmuring course, adown the vale,
Where peace and blooming health prevail;
And where the birds their notes prolong,
Charming the woods with warbling song,
O Pilgrim! fly from every earthly woe,
And taste those raptures which these scenes bestow:
Fly from the world, beset with passions rude,
And fix thy home in peaceful solitude.

DEATH.

THRICE happy estate of the dead,
Who have died on Immanuel's breast;
From trouble and misery freed,
From pain they eternally rest:

Pursued by their labour of love,
  Thy Mercy assign'd their reward,
They mount to the mansions above,
  And heaven enjoy in their Lord.

O how shall a sinner, like me,
  That blissful enjoyment attain?
To Jesus's bosom I flee,
  Oppress'd with affliction and pain:
My burden of guilt I confess;
  How unfit from this earth to depart!
Now, Saviour, in pity release,
  And pardon inscribe on my heart.

Thy easy command I receive,
  With my Lord I would crucified be;
And, daily expiring, I'll live,
  And suffer and triumph with thee.
Then, faithful and true to thy word,
  Permit me in peace to remove;
Disrob'd by a sight of my Lord,
  And blest with a heaven of love.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

At midnight, when mankind in sleep profound,
Upon the downy couch unconscious lay,
The seventh angel's awful trump shall sound,
And usher in the great, decisive day.

A solemn gloom the face of nature shrouds,
While deep and most impressive silence reigns,
Save, as the livid flashes rend the clouds,
The thunder roars along the liquid plains.

Anon, loud peals, in quick vibration roll,
And rushing whirlwinds sweep the clouds away,
While rous'd from sleep, each guilt-convicted soul,
Beholds the direful scene in dread dismay.

Who now so bold as not to feel alarm,
So guiltless as to know himself secure?
The most courageous must be far from calm,
The most self-righteous some distrust endure.

Stars from their spheres are hurl'd, and earthquakes
rend
The gloomy mansions of the silent dead,
Who, wak'd to life, in countless throngs ascend,
In consternation from their earthly bed.

He comes—the Judge! The clarions loud and shrill,
By herald angels sounded, rend the sky;
Lift up your heads, ye that obey his will,
Rejoice, "for your redemption draweth nigh."

With light ineffable, and glory crown'd,
See the rejected Saviour now descend!
Thousands of angels loud his praise resound,
And tens of thousands in bright pomp attend.

A radiant bow reflecting many a hue
Of light and shade, surrounds his awful seat,
While clouds (as if their sovereign Lord they knew)
Half pale, half blushing, mantling shroud his
feet.

Now let the infidel, who once denied,
Boldly denied, the existence of a God,

Or madly dar'd that sacred truth deride,
Of free redemption through His precious blood,

Assert his doctrine, and his creed maintain;
But ah! too late conviction strikes his mind;
He sees his error—now, alas! in vain,
To endless misery and woe consign'd.

The saintly hypocrite now stands unmask'd,
Who hid his vices in the lengthen'd prayer;
And also those who late in folly bask'd,
In bitter accents of unfeign'd despair,

Invoke the mountains, trembling and dismay'd,
To fall and hide them; but invoke in vain—
The rocks and mountains can afford no shade,
Themselves a prey to the devouring flame.

They cry for mercy; but the die is cast—
No Mediator's found to interpose;
Th' accepted time—the day of grace is past,
And justice dooms them to eternal woes.

But shout, ye saints—the work of grace is done;
And hark—the Judge (who is your Saviour too,)

Proclaims, " Ye blessed of my Father, come,
Receive the kingdom long prepar'd for you."

O what ecstatic joy these words succeed!
What holy transports glow in every breast!
Transports which far their warmest hopes exceed—
Too great—too rapt'rous e'er to be express'd!

Redeeming Love the countless throng inspires,
Who loud their voices in hosannas raise;
While hallelujahs, from ten thousand lyres,
High swell the chorus of immortal praise.

HYMN.

There is a spring whose gentle rill
Bears heavenly life below;
From Jesu's wounds on Calvary's hill,
The healthful waters flow.

With swelling stream it passes on,
O'er Europe's favour'd space;

But soon all lands beneath the sun,
Shall taste the flowing grace.

There guilty souls may wash away
Their load of foulest sin;
And contrite rebels find a plea
To come to God again.

Frail Adam's curse is cancell'd there,
And Adam's sorrows blest,
And man, absolv'd from pain and fear,
Finds there eternal rest.

That sacred stream, Immanuel's blood,
Our ruin'd state repairs;
By faith we view a pardoning God,
He views us sons and heirs.

Now may remotest ages hail
Salvation's quickening sound;
That spring of life shall never fail,
Where sin's dire curse is found.

THE MOON-BEAM.

See, O see the silver moon-beam,
Shining through the woodbine bower,
Playing on the limpid mill-stream,
Gurgling to the midnight hour.

But alas! the bright illusion
Soon expires; the passing cloud
Casts o'er all the beauteous vision
Night's own dark and sable shroud.

Such is life—a transcient glory,
Mimicing the moon-beam's smile,
Hours of bliss with years of sorrow,
Mix'd by Heaven to sweeten toil.

Such is death—a cloud of darkness,
Hiding, from the mortal eye,
Dreadful gloom or wondrous brightness,
Happiness or misery!

ON PARTING.

The time of parting is the time of pain:
The weeping minstrel sings—
"Perchance we ne'er may meet again!"
And thus the pathos brings.

The time of parting is the time of love,
Affliction's soul arous'd;
The throbbings in the dark mind move,
In sympathy unloos'd.

The time of parting is the time of dread,
When Fancy's mirror shows,
Through dark distress and sorrow lead,
The hope of life in woes.

The time of parting is the time to prove
The sinews of the heart,
When all the constancy of love
Is summoned alert.

The time of parting is the time to muse
On Providence and Grace;
That points the way of life to choose,
And *this* to win the race.

The time of parting is the time to weep—
"The last farewell be thine!
But sickening recollection keep—
That agony is mine!"

EVENING PRAYER.

Beneficient hearer of prayer,
Thou gracious attendant on mine;
My all to thy tenderest care,
I sleeping and waking resign:
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

Thy ministering spirits descend,
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation, to keep:
Bright seraphs despatch'd from the throne,
Repair to their stations assign'd;
And angels elect are sent down
To guard the lov'd sons of mankind.

Their worship no interval knows,
Their fervour is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King:
I, too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join,
And love and adore, without end,
Their heavenly Father and mine.

RELIGION.

Religion, hail! celestial heaven-born maid,
In spotless robes of innocence array'd,

And, like the gracious God who gave thee birth,
The source and spring of every joy on earth;
The "still small voice" that gently speaks within,
Persuades to virtue, and dissuades from sin;
The lamp of truth, to erring mortals given
To point the way, and guide their feet to heaven.
Thrice happy they, who far from vice's ways,
To thee devote and consecrate their days;
Who seek the shelter of thy hallow'd fame,
Obey thy precepts, and confess thy name;
Pursue the path the holy prophets trod,
The path that leads to happiness and God;
And bless'd am I, Oh! how supremely bless'd,
Beneath the shelter of thy wings to rest,
And thee possessing, of all good possess'd!
But oh! how oft my feet have turn'd aside,
By passion hurried, or allur'd by pride!
How oft does pleasure, with enticing smile,
Or sordid gain, my foolish heart beguile!
Thy gentle voice is then no longer heard,
Thy sacred precepts meet with no regard,
Till, with remorse, my erring steps I see,
Lament my folly, and return to thee.
Restrain my wanderings, fix my wavering heart,

A fervent love and strength of mind impart;
With faith to triumph o'er the Tempter's power,
And hope, to cheer me in affliction's hour;
In all my thoughts, my words and actions shine,
Let every motion, every wish be thine;
Whate'er my fate, whate'er my portion be,
I ask but this—to live and die in thee.
The hour will come, millennium's glorious hour,
When every tongue will joyful own thy power;
O'er every nation will thy sceptre sway,
And every heart thy righteous laws obey;
To earth's remotest verge thy reign extend,
Nor cease till empires, time, and nature end.
Then when the great, the mighty work is wrought—
To Jesu's kingdom all thy subjects brought,
Thou wilt dissolve into ethereal bliss,
And change thy name to that of Happiness.

A PRAYER.

O Power Supreme! to thee my thoughts I turn—
Thou only comfort when we truly mourn;

The orphan's parent, and the widow's friend—
To thee my trembling knees I humbly bend.
Arm thou my soul the strokes of fate to bear,
And stop th' impetuous torrent of despair;
Teach me submission to thy awful doom,
Show me thy mercies through misfortune's gloom.
Still with thy sacred faith my heart inform,
And guide my steps through life's uncertain storm;
For thou who dost in nought but good delight,
Hast ordered all—and therefore all is right.

HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows near us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us,
We are safe if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb;
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom!

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

Bright diamonds of yon blue expanse,
Immeasurably broad!
Attendants on night's cooling shades,
Ye speak your maker—God!

Shedding around the traveller's path
A faint, yet welcome, light;
And casting o'er this spacious earth
The requiem blush of night.

Yes, while all nature sleeps in peace,
Ye shoot a kindly ray,
To show some pilgrim, all forlorn,
His solitary way!

And ye, like heaven-born modesty,
Do shun the glare of day;
Nor are ye seen while yet the sun
Emits his powerful ray.

Ye gems of yon ethereal sky,
(Fix'd by a hand Divine,)
Teach me to raise my thoughts on high,
Where heavenly glories shine!

Oh! may I seek, and seeking find,
By ardent, earnest prayer,
Jesus, the prince of grace and peace,
"The bright and morning star!"

VERSES.

Why should man's high aspiring mind
  Burn in him with so proud a breath;
When all his haughty views can find
  In this world, yields to death?
The fair, the brave, the vain, the wise,
  The rich, the poor, and great, and small,
Are each but worm's anatomies,
  To strew death's quiet hall.

Power may make many earthly gods,
  Where gold, or bribery's guilt prevails;
But death's unwelcome, honest odds
  Kicks o'er the unequal scales.
The flatter'd great may clamours raise
  Of power, and their own weakness hide,
But death shall find unlook'd-for ways
  To end the farce of pride.

An arrow hurled e'er so high,
  From e'en a giant's sinewy strength,

In time's untrac'd eternity,
Goes but a pigmy length—
Nay, whirling from the tortur'd string,
With all its pomp of hurried flight,
'Tis, by the skylark's little wing,
Outmeasur'd in its height.

Just so, man's boasted strength and power
Shall fade, before death's lightest stroke,
Laid lower than the meanest flower,
Whose pride o'ertopp'd the oak.
And he, who like a blighting blast,
Unpeopled worlds, with war's alarms,
Shall be himself destroy'd at last
By poor, despised worms.

Tyrants in vain their powers secure,
And awe slaves' murmurs with a frown ;
But unaw'd death, at last, is sure
To sap the Babels down.
A stone thrown upward to the sky,
Will quickly meet the ground again ;
So men-gods, of earth's vanity,
Shall drop at last to men ;

And power and pomp their all resign,
Blood-purchas'd thrones, and banquet halls:
Fait waits to sack ambition's shrine
As bare as prison walls.
Where the poor suffering wretch bows down
To laws, a lawless power hath past;
And pride, and power, and king, and clown
Shall be death's slaves at last.

Time's the prime minister of death;
There's nought can bribe his honest will:
He stops the richest tyrant's breath,
And lays his mischief still:
Each wicked scheme for power, all stops,
With grandeur false, and mock display,
As eve's shades, from high mountain tops,
Fade with the rest away.

Death levels all things in his march,
Nought can resist his mighty strength;
The palace proud, triumphal arch
Shall mete their shadow's length:
The rich, the poor, one common bed
Shall find, in the unhonour'd grave,

Where weeds shall crown, alike, the head
Of tyrant and of slave.

ANDREW MARVEL.

TO A LADY.

Think not, because thy quiet day,
In silent goodness, steals away;
Think not, because to me alone,
Thy deeds of cheerful love are known,
That, in the grave's dark chamber laid,
With thee those gentle acts shall fade.
From the low turf, where virtue lies,
Shall many a bloodless trophy rise,
Whose everlasting bloom shall shame
The laurell'd conqueror's proudest name;
For there the hoary sire shall come,
And lead his babes to kiss thy tomb;
Whose manlier steps shall oft repair
To bless a parent buried there.
The youth, whose grateful thought reveres
The hand that rul'd his wayward years;

The tender maid, whose throbbing breast
Thy gentle wisdom sooth'd to rest;
And he who well thy virtues knew,
When fortune fail'd, and friends were few;
All, who thy blameless course approv'd,
Who felt thy goodness, or who lov'd,
Shall crowd around thy honour'd shrine,
And weep and wish an end like thine.

JOHN BEWDLER.

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

The rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother, with her first-born, thence
Went up to Zion: for the boy was vow'd
Unto the temple-service. By the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft saw the dewy laughter of his eye—
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoic'd to think
That ought so pure, so beautiful, was her's
To bring before her God.

So pass'd they on
O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive boughs,
With their cool dimness, cross'd the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paus'd that he might rest;
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weigh'd their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
The crimson deep'ning, o'er his cheeks, repose,
As at a red flower's heart: and where a fount
Lay, like a twilight star, 'midst palmy shades,
Making its banks green gems along the wild,
There, too, she linger'd, from the diamond wave
Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls,
To bathe his brow.

At last the fane was reach'd.
The earth's one sanctuary; and rapture hush'd
Her bosom, as before her, through the long day.
It rose a mountain of white marble, steep'd
In light like floating gold. —But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment—when the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye

Beseechingly to her's, and, half in fear,
Turn'd from the white-rob'd priest and round her arm
Clung e'en as ivy clings; the deep spring-tide
Of nature then swell'd high; and o'er her child
Bending, her soul brake forth, in mingl'd sounds
Of weeping and sad song—"Alas!" she cried,
"Alas, my boy! thy gentle grasp is on me,
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me;
And, like a vine, thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart?
How the lone paths retrace, where thou was playing
So late along the mountains at my side!
And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair!
And oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted!
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turn'd from its door away,
While through its chambers wandering weary hearted,

I languish for thy voice, which past me still
  Went like a singing rill?
Under the palm-trees, thou no more shall meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return
  With the full water-urn;
Nor will thy sleep's low, dove-like, murmurs greet
    me,
As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,
  And watch for thy dear sake.
And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee,
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed?
  Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness, as a veil, hath wound
    thee,
To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,
  A cry which none shall hear?
What have I said, my child? will He not hear thee,
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest,
  Will He not guard thy rest?
And, in the hush of holy midnight, near thee,
Breath o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy?
  Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!
I give thee to thy God!—the God that gave thee
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart:

And, precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, he shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefil'd!
And thou shalt be his child.
Therefore, farewell! I go; my soul may fail me
As the stag panteth for the water-brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks;
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me;
Thou in the shadow of the rock shall dwell,
The Rock of Strength—farewell!"

MRS. HEMANS.

THE ORPHAN MAID'S LAMENT.

Ah! think ye that this troubled soul
May yet again be blithe and free,
That changing seasons, as they roll,
May bring a change o'er me?

And say ye, that this broken heart,
May yet be wean'd from forms of sadness,

That aught in nature can impart
To it one ray of gladness?

Ye ne'er have felt, ye cannot know
The blight of hope, the withering gloom,
That come, when all we lov'd below
Lies in the silent tomb.

Oh! there was one, one only tie,
Affection's purest, tenderest token,
That bound me to myself. Oh! why
Was it so rudely broken?

For there was not in all the earth,
Another tie with it to blend;
I lov'd but her who gave me birth—
My mother and my friend.

But she was far too good and kind
To linger long in this dull state—
Her spirit fled upon the wind,
And left me desolate.

Indulgent God! I do not mourn
That her pure spirit fled to thee;

Nor ask I that she may return
To cheer a thing like me.

This world is such a state of pain,
Temptation, sickness, grief, and woe,
Why should I wish her back again,
A sojourner below?

Nay, were the world all good and brave,
E'en *then* it could not stay my weeping:
My very heart is in the grave,
Where she lies soundly sleeping.

O thou upon whose tender breast,
This aching heart hath often lean'd,
Thou of God's servants holiest, best,
My mother and my friend!

If, from the glories of the sky,
Some thoughts of thine may be beguil'd,
O look with a benignant eye,
Upon thine Orphan child.

And we will yet hold converse sweet,
Such as we held in other days,

When I have sat beside thy feet,
And listen'd to thy lays.

For I will hear thee in the air
That stirs the leaf in noon-day bow'r;
And see thee in the moonbeam fair,
At midnight's silent hour.

I know, I know, my prayer is vain—
Alas! I cannot breathe another:
There's madness in my burning brain—
My mother—O my mother!

THE COMFORTER.

O THOU who dri'st the mourners' tear!
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;

And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope, that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dim'd and vanish'd too!

Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wings of love
Come brightly wafting, through the gloom,
One peace-branch from above?

Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray:
As darkness shews us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

MOORE.

THE DYING WIFE

TO HER ABSENT HUSBAND.

Theodric, this is destiny above
Our power to baffle: bear it, then, my love!
And though you're absent in another land,
Sent from me by my own well-meant command,
Your soul, I know, as firm is knit to mine
As these clasp'd hands, in blessing you, now join;
Shape not imagin'd horrors in my fate—
Even now my sufferings are not very great;
And when your grief's first transport shall subside,
I call upon your strength of soul and pride,
To pay my memory if 'tis worth the debt,
Love's glorying tribute—not forlorn regret.
I charge my name with power to conjure up
Reflection's balmy, not its bitter cup.
My pardoning angel, at the gates of heaven,
Shall look not more regard than you have given
To me; and our life's union has been clad
In smiles of bliss as sweet as life e'er had.
Shall gloom be from such bright remembrance cast,
Shall bitterness outflow from sweetness past?

No! imag'd in the sanctuary of your breast,
There let me smile, amidst high thoughts, at rest;
And let contentment on your spirit shine,
As if its peace were still a part of mine:
For if you war not proudly with your pain,
For you I shall have worse than liv'd in vain.
But I conjure your manliness to bear
My loss with noble spirit—not despair:
I ask you, by your love, to promise this,
And kiss these words, where I have left a kiss—
The latest from my living lips for yours.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

TO THE LARK.

Mount, child of morning, mount and sing,
And gaily beat thy fluttering wing,
And sound thy shrill alarms;
Bath'd in the fountains of the dew,
Thy sense is keen, thy joys are new,
The wide world opens to thy view,
And spreads its earliest charms.

Far shower'd around, the hill, the plain,
Catch the glad impulse of thy strain,
And fling their veil aside;
While, warm with hope and rapt'rous joy,
Thy thrilling lay rings cheerily,
Love swells its notes and liberty,
And youth's exulting pride.

Thy little bosom knows no ill,
No gloomy thought, no wayward will;
'Tis sunshine all, and ease:
Like thy own plumes, along the sky,
Thy tranquil days glide smoothly by;
No tract behind them, as they fly,
Proclaims departed peace.

'Twas thus my earliest hopes aspir'd,
'Twas thus, with youthful ardour fir'd,
I vainly thought to soar;
To snatch from fate the dazzling prize,
Beyond the beam of vulgar eyes—
Alas th' unbidden sigh will rise,
Those days shall dawn no more!

How glorious rose life's morning star
In bright possession! round her car
How danc'd the heavenly train!
Truth beckon'd, from her radiant throne,
And Fame held high her starry crown,
While Hope and Love look'd smiling down,
Nor bade my toils be vain.

Too soon the fond delusion pass'd—
Too gay, too bright, too pure to last,
It melted from my gaze;
And, narrowing with each coming year,
Life's onward path grew dark and drear,
While pride forbade, the starting tear
Would fall o'er happier days.

Still o'er my soul, though chang'd and dead,
One lingering, doubtful beam is shed—
One ray not yet withdrawn;
And still that twilight soft and dear,
That tells of friends and former cheer,
Half makes me fain to linger here—
Half hope a second dawn.

Sing on, sing on; what heart so cold,
When such a tale of joy is told,
But needs must sympathize?
As from some cherub of the sky,
To hail thy morning melody;
Oh! could I mount with thee on high,
And share thy ecstacies!

MRS. BARBAULD.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON,

WHO EXPIRED AT MISSOLONGHI,

April 19th, 1824.

He's gone! the glorious spirit's fled!
The minstrel's strains are hush'd and o'er;
And lonely lies the mighty dead
Upon a fair and foreign shore.
Mute, as the harp o'er Babel's streams,
For ever hangs his tuneful lyre,
And he, with all his glowing dreams,
Quench'd like a meteor's fire!

So sleeps the great, the young, the brave,
Of all beneath the circling sun,
A muffled shroud—a dungeon grave—
To him, the bard, remain alone.
So, genius, ends thy blazing reign—
So mute the music of the tongue,
Which pour'd, but late, the loftiest strain
That ever mortal sung.

Yet musing on his early doom,
Methinks, for him, no tears should be,
Above whose bed of rest shall bloom
The laurels of eternity.
But, oh! while glory gilds his sleep,
How shall the heart its loss forget?
His very fame must bid it weep,
His praises wake regret.

His memory in the tears of Greece
Shall be embalm'd for evermore,
And, till her tale of troubles cease,
His spirit walk her silent shore.
Then e'en the winds that wake in sighs,
Shall still seem whispering of his name;

And lonely rocks and mountains rise,
His monuments of fame!

But where is he?—ye dead—ye dead,
How secret and how silent all!
No voice comes from the narrow bed—
No answer from the dreary pall.
It hath no tale of future trust,
No morning-beam, no weakening eye,
It only speaks of "dust to dust,"
Of trees that fall to lie.

"My bark is yet upon the shore,"
And thine is launch'd upon the sea,
Which eye of man may not explore,
Of fathomless eternity!
Perchance, in some far future land,
We yet may meet, we yet my dwell,
If not from of this mortal strand,
Immortal, fare thee well!

JOHN MALCOLM.

AN ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping pilgrim there.

COLLINS.

FORGET ME NOT.

THE stars that shine so pure and bright,
Like a-far-off place of bliss,

And tells the broken-hearted
  There are brighter worlds than this;
The moon that courses through the sky,
  Like man's uncertain doom,
Now shining bright with borrow'd light,
  Now wrapp'd in deepest gloom;
Or when eclips'd a dreary blank,
  A fearful emblem given
Of the heart shut out, by a sinful world,
  From the blessed light of heav'n;
The flower that freely casts its wealth
  Of perfume on the gales;
The breeze that mourns the summer's close,
  With melancholy wail.
The stream that cleaves the mountain's side,
  Or gurgles from the grot,
All speak in their Creator's name,
  And say, "Forget me not!"

When man's vain heart is swollen with pride,
  And his haughty lip is curl'd,
And, from the scorner's seat, he smiles
  Contempt upon the world;
Where glitter crowns and coronets.

Like stars that gem the skies,
And flattery's incense rises thick
To blind a monarch's eyes;
Where the courtier's tongue, with facile lies,
A royal ear beguiles;
Where suitors live on promises,
And sycophants on smiles;
Where each, as in a theatre,
Is made to play his part,
Where the diadem hides a troubled brow,
And the star an aching heart;
There, even there, 'mid pomp and power,
Is oft a voice that calls—
" Forget me not," in thunder,
Throughout the palace walls.

Or in the house of banqueting,
Where the madd'ning bowl is flush,
And the shameless ribald boast of deeds,
For which the cheek should blush;
Where from the oft-drain'd goblet's brim,
The eye of mirth is lit;
Where the cold conceits of a trifler's brain,
Pass for the coin of wit;

Where flattery sues to woman's ear,
And tells his tale again,
And beauty smiles upon things so mean,
We blush to call them men;
Where 'tis sad to hear the flippant tongue
Apply its hackneyed arts;
Oh, there heads would be the hollowest things,
But for their hollower hearts!
But, hist! the reveller's shout is still'd,
The song, the jest forgot,
The hair is snapp'd, the sword descends,
With a dread "Forget me not!"

Go! hie thee to the rank church-yard
Where flits the shadowy ghost,
And see how little pride has left,
Whereon to raise a boast.
See beauty claiming sisterhood
With a noisome reptile worm!
Oh! where are all the graces fled,
That once array'd her form!
Fond hope no more on her smile will feed,
Nor wither at her frown:
Her head will rest more quiet now,

Than when it slept on down.
With cloven crest and bloody shroud,
The once proud warrior lies;
And the patriot's heart hath not a throb
To give to a nation's cries.
A solemn voice will greet thine ear,
As thou lingerest round the spot,
And a cry from out the sepulchre,
Frail man, "Forget me not!"

"Forget me not," the thunder roars,
As it bursts its sulphury cloud;
'Tis murmur'd by the distant hills,
In echoes long and loud;
'Tis written by th' Almighty's hand,
In characters of flame,
When the lightning's gleam with vivid flash,
And his wrath and power proclaim.
'Tis murmur'd when the white wave falls
Upon the wreck-strewn shore,
As a hoary warrior bows his crest,
When his day of work is o'er.
Go! speed thee forth, when the beamy sun
O'erthrows the reign of night.

And strips the scene of its misty robe,
And arrays it in diamonds bright.
Oh! as thou drinkest health and joy,
In the fresh and balmy air,
" Forget me not," in a " still small voice,"
Will surely greet thee there.

Oh! who that sees the vermil cheek
Grow day by day more pale,
And beauty's form to shrink before
The summer's gentlest gale,
But thinks of him, the Mighty One,
By whom the blow is given?
As if the fairest flowers of earth,
Were earliest pluck'd for heav'n.
Oh yes! on every side we see
The impress of his hand;
The air we breathe is full of Him,
And earth on which we stand.
Yet heedless man regards it not,
But life's uncertain day,
In idle hopes and vain regrets,
Thus madly wastes away.

But, in his own appointed time,
He will not be forgot;
Oh! in that hour of fearful strife,
Great God, "Forget me not!"

HARISON.

THE GREENLANDERS' HYMN TO THE SUN.

Hail! sun of heaven! thy cheering ray
Turns all our darkness into day.
Stern winter leaves his throne of snow,
And flies to polar mountains now:
And fruits, and flow'rs, a smiling train,
Greet thy belov'd approach again;
Life, health, and beauty rise to hail
Thy visit to this lonely vale.
The icy mountains own thy sway,
And sink to nothing now before thee;
While brooks to mighty rivers rise
In torrents to adore thee;
And we, in choral strains, prolong,

To thy high praise, the notes of song;
We watch'd the dim horizon tell
How near thy beauteous light was beaming,
And deem'd thy distant glory fell
On our glad eyes, in meteors gleaming.
We watch'd—till o'er the waters rose
Thy first bright beams of splendour.—Those
Who, 'mid the ills and cares of earth,
Have felt a hope of heavenly birth,
And *those alone* can tell how bright
Appear'd that distant glimmering light.

We saw thee rise, and now on high,
Shines thy full blaze of majesty;
And winds and waters, charm'd by thee,
Join the sweet strains of harmony.
And every heart, and every voice,
And e'en those ice-girt vales rejoice.

Then hail to thee! thou light divine,
Long on this land of darkness shine;
By all the good thyself hast given,
We hail thee welcome! sun of heaven.

SONNET.

What art thou, Mighty One! and where thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
And thou dost bear, within thine awful hands,
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet;
Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead noon,
Or, on the red wing of the fierce monsoon,
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose; or in the solitude
Of sultry tracks, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
Vain thought! the confines of His throne to trace,
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

DIRGE.

Bless'd is the turf, serenely bless'd,
Where throbbing hearts may sink to rest,
Where life's long journey turns to sleep,
Nor ever pilgrim wakes to weep.
A little sod, a few sad flowers,
A tear for long departed hours,
Is all that feeling hearts request,
To hush their weary thoughts to rest.
There shall no vain ambition come
To lure them from their quiet home;
Nor sorrow lift, with heart-strings riven,
The meek imploring eye to heaven;
Nor sad remembrance stoop to shed
His wrinkles on the slumberer's head;
And never, never love repair
To breathe his idle whispers there!

LEIGH HUNT.

W. HEPWORTH, PRINTER, WAKEFIELD.

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